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Echo.

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream, how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting, longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, lets in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams that I may live
My very life again, though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago!

"The Babes in the Woods."

BIG PINE FLAT, 1871.

"Something characteristic," eh?
Hump! I reckon you mean by that
Something that happened in our way,
Here at the crossin' of Big Pine Flat.
Times aren't now as they used to be,
When gold was flush and the boys were frisky,
And a man would pull out his battery
For anything—maybe the price of whisky.

Nothing of that sort, eh? That's strange.
Why, I thought you might be diverted,
Hearing how Jones, of Red Rock Range,
Drawed his "Hint to the Unconverted,"
And saying, "Whar will you have it?" shot
Cherokee Bob at the last Debating!
What was the question? I forgot—
But Jones didn't like Bob's way of stating.

Nothing of the kind, eh? You mean
Something milder? Let's see—Oh, Joe!
Tell to the stranger that little scene
Out of the "Babes in the Woods." You know,
"Babes" was the name that we gave 'em, sir,
Two lean lads in their teens, and greener
Than even the belt of spruce and fir
Where they built their nest, and each day grew leaner.

No one knew where they came from. None
Cared to ask if they had a mother.
Runaway schoolboys, maybe. One
Tall and dark as a spruce; the other
Blue and gold in the eyes and hair,
Soft and low in his speech, but rarely
Talking with us; and we didn't care
To get at their secret at all unfairly.

For they were so quiet, so sad and shy,
Content to trust each other solely,
That somehow we'd always shut one eye,
And never seem to observe them wholly,
As they passed to their work. 'Twas a wornout claim,
And it paid them grub. They could live without it,
For the boys had a way of leaving game
In their tent, and forgetting all about it.

Yet no one asked for their secret. Dumb
It lay in their big eyes' heavy hollows.
It was understood that no one should come
To their tent unawares, save the bees and swallows.

So they lived alone. Until one warm night
I was sitting here at the tent-door, so, sir,
When out of the sunset's rosy light
Up rose the sheriff of Mariposa.

I knew at once there was something wrong.
For his hand and his voice shook just a little,
And there isn't much you can fetch along
To make the sinews of Jack Hill brittle.
"Go warn the Babes!" he whispered, hoarse;
"Tell 'em I'm coming—to get and scurry,
For I've got a story that's bad, and worse,
I've got a warrant; now, man, you hurry!"

Too late! they had seen him cross the hill;
I ran to their tent and found them lying
Dead in each other's arms, and still
Clasping the drug they had taken flying.
And there lay their secret cold and bare,
Their life, their trial—the old, old story!
For the sweet blue eyes, and the golden hair,
Was a *woman's* shame and a *woman's* glory.

"Who were they?" Ask no more, or ask
The sun that visits their grave so lightly;
Ask of the whispering reeds, or task
The mourning crickets that chirrup nightly.
All of their life but its Love forgot,
Everything tender and soft and mystic,
These are our Babes in the Woods, you've got,
Well—Human Nature—that's characteristic.

BRET HARTE.

JUST HIS DUTY.

It was in the year of the great Minnesota snow storms. You heard of them, I dare say. Most people did; and I've little doubt that, to ladies and gentlemen sitting by their snug firesides in London and New York, there was something pleasantly exciting in the daily accounts from those far Western States, of how the snow kept fall, fall, falling, day by day and week by week, in one soft, steady sheet of dazzling white, till it rose high over walls and hedges, blotted out roads, and fields, and streams, and made hills and dales alike one dead, blank level. People read with eager curiosity of whole coach-loads frozen up in one night, of travelers lost in the whirling drifts within a yard or two of their own homes, of men going 'ont to seek for stray cattle, to be found dead and stiff within an hour or so.

His name was Hugh Garston, and he was the master of an infants' school half-way between Rock Rapids, Iowa, and the village of White Water Springs. Hugh's father had been a gentleman of property, given to traveling in his youth; and having rambled as far as Iowa one summer, had there fallen in love with and married a trapper's daughter.

As soon as the deed was done he was very much ashamed of it; deserted his wife as soon as possible, and returned to his ancestral halls in Yorkshire. Unfortunately, the trapper's daughter was not a person of delicacy. Instead of taking her desertion as a gentle hint that Mr. Garston was tired of her, and resigning herself accordingly, this young woman packed up a change of linen, and not only started off in pursuit of him, but actually found him in his own home; and, arriving at the hall with a fortnight-old baby in her arms, she presented the baby to the hall's master as his son.

In good time Hugh went to college. In the latter's twentieth year, however, something occurred which turned all this good to bad. Mr. Garston had destined him for the church. Hugh declined to enter it. A quarrel ensued. Unpleasant disclosures followed. Hugh learnt for the first time that his mother was not dead, but living and disowned, and that the second Mrs. Garston owed her marriage to a lucky and legal flaw in the first ceremony.

Passion is productive of hasty words. Wise men pay no heed to them. Hugh was not wise. Within a week he had thrown up father, college and prospects, and departed to seek his mother in the far West. Please to remember his trapper blood in excuse, and excuse him—as I did.

When I next met him it was out there, and he was returning from his mother's funeral. He had found her living alone in a small house on the hills, keeping a small school, and suffering from a lingering internal disorder which made life one long torture to her.

Hugh brought the best medicine that torture could admit—his presence and his love; and under that gentle balm Mary Garston lingered two years, resting from her labors in peace and happiness, while the young Oxonion kept school and house for her, and tended her like nurse, servant, and son, in one.

Naturally, now she was gone, I urged him to give up this wretched life, and begin a better in England, with my aid. He thanked me, and declined. He liked teaching. The school had increased, and was a blessing to those outlying farms and cabins, whose young fry would otherwise have grown up mere heathens and savages. If he gave it up, no other would take it, the pay was so poor, and the situation so lonely. Besides, he was now bent on the Independent ministry, and found this a capital place for perfecting his studies in quiet, and practising their lessons in freedom. These were his arguments, and I combated them with ease. Then he turned on me, and told me—"I have grown to care for a girl in the village yonder, Malva Keith. She is not a lady, and I am not a gentleman—after my father's pattern, at least. This state of life suits her better than any other; therefore, if I marry her, it and no other shall suit me."

I had used reason against arguments, and turned them into smoke. To use reason against love would have been folly; and I was not a fool. We shook hands heartily, bade each other "God-speed," and parted the best of friends, never to meet again in this world. The rest of Hugh's story I give from his letters and Malva's lips.

She was a practiced coquette, honest enough in her way, and beautiful beyond measure, with the full, upright figure, lithe, round limbs, and rich coloring of a prairie Hebe—well aware of her beauty, too, both from the glass and the more audible homage of at least a score of rough and ready admirers, trappers, timber-fellers, railway employes, loafers, and the like, who all vied in paying court to the flower of White Waters. Hugh came in among these like a star from another system; and straightway Malva cast off her suitors, and hauled down the flag of freedom to lay it at the schoolmaster's feet.

So far, so well; but, unfortunately, surrender was easier than subjection to this young lady. Hugh lived nearly three miles off, and was at his work all day. Malva lived just outside the village—her father was a timber contractor, and a well-to-do man of the roughest class—and the house was always full of those of her swains, as did not care for work, and found making love a pleasant pastime; and Malva was too partial to this incense to relinquish it at once, and for the sake of a grave, stern young man, who had other work than hanging on her apron strings all day. The end of all this was that Hugh grew anxious, then jealous, then angry; took to reproving instead of worshiping, and so irritated Malva's pride; all of which culminated in a desperate quarrel respecting a certain Miles Pearson, whose over-familiar worship of the flower of White Waters had for some time been arousing Master Hugh's wrath. I fear that latter gentleman had inherited his father's pride; at any rate, he bore himself so sternly on this occasion, that Malva, who was on the point of yielding and asking pardon, suddenly nailed her colors to the mast, and said she "wasn't going to be bullied. Miles was as good as some folk, and better. He didn't get riley and tyrannical; and for her part she preferred Americans to half-bred foreigners," &c., &c., blue eyes flashing and pomegranate cheeks aflame. Hugh looked her full in the face, and answered her, very white and cold—"That is your choice, then? Very well. The half-bred foreigner will resign you until such time as you change your mind, and *ask* him to come back. Good-morning, Miss Keith."

And so walked back to his school, and came no more to the Keith homestead.

* * * * *

The weather was cold enough then; but the real heavy snow did not set in much before January. It had been falling off and on for several days, and was so deep in places that Hugh's school benches had grown very empty, many from the more distant clearings not being able to come. Still, the master was a great favorite with children, and these in Iowa and Minnesota are a tough and hardy little race; so, on the 5th of January, 187—, though the sky was an ominous color, and the barometer falling fast, about nine boys and girls arrived as usual, and, after a good warming at the fire, began their studies.

One of them, Seth Halkett, brought a bit of news.

"Miles Pearson's gwine to splice with old Keith's gal. Guess there'll be grand fixings down to her place. Air you gwine to the marryin', teacher?"

"You shut up, Seth," cried his sister, a sharp girl of twelve, who, with precocious womanhood, had got hold of Hugh's feelings in that quarter. "He's always talkin' when he knows nuthin', teacher; an' he aren't done one figger of his reck'nin' yet."

Seth stuck his hands defiantly in the ragged bands of his corduroys, and muttered—"Darn the reck'nin';" but Hugh spoke to him mildly, and bade the girl mind her own work. It was not with children that his sternness came out.

And the snow went on falling.

It soon grew too dark for studying. The flakes froze as they fell in a solid heap on the window-sill, and blotted out the light. One of the boys looked out at the front door, and got his nose frost-bitten; and a murmur rose that they would be obliged to stay in school all night. Hugh went to the back door, which was at the lee of the house, and confirmed the foreboding. The road was impassable for children already, and the snow falling in two cross currents, which made a sort of frozen whirlwind in the air. There could be no going home that evening; and he busied himself in piling up the fires, and helping the old negress who waited on him to get supper ready for his pupils. That night, the two girls who had been plucky enough to accompany their brothers to school slept in Hugh's bed, while he camped down with the boys in the school-room. They kept roaring fires, and used every wrap there was in the house; but the cold increased hourly, and one, the youngest child, woke crying more than once.

And the snow went on falling.

It never ceased all the next day and night. Hugh kept up the fires, fed the children well, and told them stories. Little Tommy, the youngest, cried, for his mother at first; but soon ceased when the master put him on his knee and comforted him. Still, the time passed very drearily; every peep from the back room showed only a white waste of snow, trending downwards to the valley, and blotting paths, fences, and landmarks in one huge winding-sheet. Worse was coming still; for that night old Cassy whispered her master that the food was almost gone. Nine hungry mouths soon make away with the contents of one man's larder.

And the snow went on falling.

On the following day breakfast was a miserable meal, and one of the girls having discovered the cause thereof, began to wail out that they would all be starved. Hugh quieted her, gently but firmly, and going to the window, pointed that the sky was clearing, and the snow-flakes falling less thickly. They continued to lessen hour by hour; and by noon Hugh determined to make his way to the nearest village store, and bring back food to the hungry children.

It was a difficult errand, even for him, who knew every inch of the way, and was cased in fur and leather from head to foot. All signs of the road were obliterated. More than once he missed his way, and sank in the snow nearly to his thighs; and the cold was so intense that the very breath froze upon his lips like an icy skin. The poor fellow was well-nigh dead when he at last reached Ethan Ball's store.

Only a light sprinkling of snow had fallen since his departure; so that he was able to retrace the journey by his own track, and was toiling heavily up a steepish hill, when, of a sudden, his ear was caught by the dismal howling of a dog far away. He paid no heed, thinking it came from the settlement; and presently it ceased, then changed to a bark, growing nearer and nearer; till, finally, a large black dog came in sight round a point of rock, and, bounding upon him, began a series of fawning and whining, running away a few steps, and returning to look up in his face with all a dog's frenzy of impotent eloquence. Men soon grow to understand these signs in the far West. Hugh knew, as well as if he had been told, that somewhere within hail that dog's master was lying in strait so great as to need help; and help accordingly he set out to give. The dog led the way, and he followed; now stumbling, now falling outright; sometimes letting the handle of the sled slip from his half-frozen fingers, and often determining to give up the attempt and get home while he could; but always urged on, as much by that inflexibility which made part of the man's character as by dislike of leaving a fellow-creature to perish within reach. So on and on, for half a mile or so; and then the dog stopped beside a big, motionless mound of snow, and Hugh, bending forward, found himself staring into the white and rigid face of his old enemy, Miles Pearson.

Independent of rivalry, this man had always been peculiarly obnoxious to Hugh. He was a big, burly fellow. That such a man should dare to admire Malva Keith, and not be repulsed with loathing, had certainly lowered that young lady in her lover's eyes; and of late the two men had hardly even met without exhibiting a manifest animosity. Now, Pearson lay a half-frozen, insensible log upon the Minnesota snows; and Hugh Garston stood above him!

Only for a momen; then he knelt down and felt the man's wrist. It gave back no answering beat. He laid his hand on his heart; that still ticked on, but very feebly. Death was running a race with Miles Pearson, and no time could be lost if he were to be beaten. Hugh lost none. Without a moment's hesitation, he set to work to force some drops of brandy down the man's throat; then jerked the bags of food out of the sled, and half dragged, half lifted the helpless body on to it instead. The children were very hungry, but *they* could wait. Miles was past waiting. But, not to lose the food, he drove the long stick with which he had been walking into the frozen snow, and fastened the dog to him. He had got out of the way, he knew, and was far from home; but that would mark the spot. And now he looked round, half despairingly, for some nearer shelter, and straightway uttered a shout for joy. A spiral column of smoke was rising into the air, beside a huge gray bluff, about half a mile off; and Hugh's heart beat thankfully as he recognized the chimneys of Keith's homestead.

As he started to reach it the snow began to fall.

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In the great log kitchen at the Keiths', the family were all gathered rouhd a huge fire that afternoon, talking of the snow, of the time it had lasted, and the casualties it had occasioned, and wondering when fine weather would set in again. Abram Keith had heard of a Minnesota bride and bridegroom snowed-up in the sleigh, en route to their married home, and only rescued after two days-living, but crippled for life; and his father told of a neighbor found dead and frozen stiff, within a few yards of his house, that very morning. There was no end of such stories. Only Malva held her tongue, and looked pale and weary. Possibly she had begun to miss Hugh Garston.

A heavy bang at the door startled them all; and Abram, going to open it, gave vent to such a volley of oaths and ejaculations of wonder as brought all the family to his side, and turned the solo to a chorus. No wonder, for what had entered was the body of a man, feet foremost, laid on a shed; and propelled by another man, who, as if utterly exhausted, dropped his burden at the door, and staggered to a bench, without uttering one word in reply to the questions which assailed him. No heed was paid to him, however, for all eyes had turned upon the apparent corpse; and there was another shout from Abram.

"Jeehosophat and all his tarnation grand uncles, ef 'taint Miles Pearson!"

The whole house was in a commotion at once. Brandy and hot blankets were called for; Miles was put into Abram's bed; and everyone was so busy in attending to his restoration, that Hugh had stumbled to the fire, helped himself to a drink of hot coffee, and turned to the door again, before anyone noticed him. Then Mrs. Keith cried out—"Garston, don't open that, man; or you'll let more of the cold in."

"I will shut it behind me," he said, laconically.

"Why, what's the fury! you're not going?" in a chorus from the men.

"Yes, I am—home."

Abram delivered himself of a whole bagful of curses, ingeniously diversified. Malva came close, and put her hand wonderingly on her lover's arm. Hugh did not look at her; but turning to his host, stated the reason for his departure—nine famishing children.

"What! out there? Why, I reckoned you were coming down here till the thaw. Where did you spot poor Miles, then?"

Hugh told.

"And you left the prog, and come away to toat him along down here! Well, I'm darned!"

Old Keith shrugged his shoulders; but Malva's eyes glistened, and her warm fingers stole down his arm, and glided sinuously into his gloved ones.

"Garston," said old Keith, giving up the past idiocy for the present—"it's most dark already, an' the snow falling like wildfire. You'll never get home with your life this day. Don't be a fool an' risk it."

"And my children?"

"Dodrot the shavers! If they've empty bellies one day, they can fill 'em the next, an' no harm done, I reckon. Let 'em be. Why, you're most broke down a'ready, an' as white as a skunk's liver."

This from Abram. Hugh looked at him coldly. These two young men did not "hitch well," to use Malva's phrase.

"Will you go if I stay?" he asked; "or will you come along with me and help?"

With the greatest sincerity, young Keith shook his head, and wished himself at eternal perdition if he were such a fool—"*He'd* keer fur his life, he guessed, ef schoolmaster didn't fur his'n."

"The schoolmaster laughed contemptuously.

"I thought so. Good night, friends. *I* care for the children given to my charge. Look after your frost-bitten friend, Abram. You can do that without running the risk of losing your precious life, or freezing your foul tongue either."

He went out as he spoke, and Abram, boiling with rage, caught up a "Colt's" and made as he would follow. Old Keith held him back.

"Let the darned fool go, and be cussed to him," he said. "Look at the snow, boy; he'll never spot home to-night. Malva, bolt the door."

She flew off; but not to obey. Hugh had taken but a few steps, when his arm was caught, and Malva, half buried in her father's huge bearskin robe, clung panting to his side.

"Hugh, dear Hugh, do come back! Why, for pity's sake, do you flare at Abram so? He only wanted to stay you. Come back, do!"

"I beg your pardon, Malva. Your brother always irritates me; but his selfish cowardice just now put my blood up. Go back yourself, child. It isn't safe for you to be here a moment."

He put her back as he spoke, pressing her into the shelter of the deep porch, and wrapping the mufflers still closer round her. She got one arm free, however, and flung it round his neck.

"Hugh, don't you now—don't! Look at the snow, it's falling fast again; an' dusk's drawing in. Don't go to-night, Hugh—for my sake, don't! Listen"—trying to rub her soft cheek against his caressingly—"I love you—I love you better nor any one; an' I'll never speak another word to that drunken brute you saved, nor no one if you bid me—never, Hugh! Do forgive me, old man! Say you believe me, and stay to-night—do!"

She was sobbing and crying now, with her wet, flushed face hidden on his breast, and her warm, shapely arms clasped and quivering about his neck. The proprieties of courtship are not a matter of education in the Northwestern States. Hugh lifted her face and kissed it.

"I do forgive you," he said. "I would make you my wife to-night if I could, and I believe you would come."

"That I would, old man, right away."

"Do your duty, then, child; and obey me like one. Mine is to go to those children this very minute, and I must do it. There," unclasping her hands, and kissing both them and the trembling lips with long, grave kisses—"God bless you, love, and good-by! I've delayed over long already."

He opened the door for her, and strode away into the driving snow, without waiting for an answer. She walked heavily into the house, put up the bolts, and dropping down into a seat, hid her face in her apron, weeping bitterly.

And the snow went on falling.

It never ceased all that night and the following morning; but towards evening the sky cleared, the barometer rose steadily, and two of the children's fathers from the village found their way to the school-house on the hill. The drifts had blocked up the front doors and windows, but the back was still clear; and at the sound of their voices, half a dozen little faces, white, gaunt, and haggard-looking, appeared in the open doorway, clamoring for food.

"Thank the Lord, mine are safe!" Jim Halkett said, griping his son's hand, while the other arm held the sobbing girl. "Why, where's schoolmaster, my kids; and what's gone wi' Nathan's little Tommy?"

"Teacher went away to get somethin' t' eat yesterday mornin', and never come back," Seth said; "an' Tommy, he tuk bad an died last night. Guess he were so hungry he couldn't wait. We're most dead wi' hunger, father."

Jim had brought a bagful of breadstuff, on the chance of such need. He hastened now to divide it among the sick and famished children, while Tommy's father went into the back room, where the little white body lay, cold and quiet—not hungry now. Old Cassy stood beside him.

"He did nothing but cry," she said, after de massa went, till he took sick; and then he quiet bery soon. He'd been a lyin' still, mout be a'most a hour, when all of a sudden he steered right up, his little face all smilin', an' cries out, "Teacher's comin'! I see him walkin' up de hill, aside of a man all white an' shinin'. Oh, let me go! He's holdin' out his hands to me. Let me go!" Dem was his bery last words, massa. He went off slick that minit, and ef you ask my 'pinion, Massa Garston went fust. He'd never ha' stayed away from these 'ere blessed children if the snow hadn't caught him."

She said truly. Two days later, a man and woman, starting from Keith's homestead for the school, found his body half covered with snow, and lying within a dozen yards of the stick, where the dog, stark and stiff too, crouched guardian-like upon the heap of now useless provisions. He must have lost his way in the blinding drift, and wandered round and round in circles, till he dropped from sheer exhaustion; for there were marks of his footsteps still visible, crossing and recrossing each other in every direction. But the face was quite peaceful; and on the stern lips there still lay a smile, frozen there by the ice hand of Death, before he rose up to meet the Man whose dazzling whiteness is beyond that of all snows—yea, even of the sun and stars. And even in dying he had tried to carry out that task which, unfulfilled, had troubled his last moments; for one rigid hand still grasped an end of pencil, while beside him lay the pocket-book, in which the poor frozen fingers had scrawled—

"Food—to the children—*Quick!*"

That strong right hand must have grown strangely dead; for the letters were all but illegible.

How the Chinese Catch Fish.

The cormorant is largely employed as an assistant to the fisherman, and is carefully educated to its work by professional trainers. When thoroughly trained, a pair of birds is worth forty dollars, the high price being explained by the cost and labor of instruction.

During the first seven months of its life, the cormorant is left with the flock and is taught by its elders how to feed itself on small fish. After that age, however, a collar is fastened about its neck so that it cannot swallow its prey, and to one of its feet a cord, some two feet long, is attached, terminating in a bamboo float.

At a signal from the fisherman, whose sole implement is a forked stick some ten feet long, the cormorants plunge into the water and search for fish, each bird, as fast as he catches one in his beak, rising to the surface. The fisherman then hooks the bird's float with his stick and draws it towards him, taking the fish away from the cormorant as soon as it comes within reach of his arm.

When the fish is very large and weighs seven or eight pounds, for example, the cormorants will assist each other, one catching the fish by tail, another by the head, etc. They rarely catch anything less than a quarter of a pound. After every capture a small bit of fish is thrown to the bird as a reward, the piece being sufficiently little for the bird to swallow in spite of its collar.

Chinese fishermen keep their feathered assistants at work as long as daylight lasts. Occasionally the birds become tired and refuse to dive, a proceeding which occasions a series of frightful yells and beating of the water with a stick by their master, which frightens them to such an extent that they resume labor instantly.

This mode of fishing, which is not interrupted even by severe cold, is quite lucrative, as twenty or thirty birds can readily catch about a dollar and a half worth of fish per day. In general the fishermen are associated, and the birds belong to a society which marks them with a peculiar brand of its own. Oil of sesame is said to be the panacea for all ills of the cormorant, which continues its career of active work until about ten years of age.

A Pair of Brutes.

Remarkable and Horrible History of a Wild Human Family.

William Parks, aged about twenty-one years, has been lodged in jail at Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania, for repeated attempts to take the life of his father, Stephen Wells Parks, of the town of Monroe. This brings into prominence the history of the Parks family, known as the "Wild Family of Monroe," which, without exceeding the bounds of truth in the least, is one of the most singular on record.

In the fall of 1871 a party from Pittston were hunting in the mountains. In a wild, lonely spot, miles from any habitation, one of them, hearing a rustling in the leaves and bushes on one side of him, was astounded to see a young woman, perfectly nude, digging among the leaves, apparantly for beech nuts. She was on her hands and knees, and was not aware of the hunter's presence for some time. When she saw him she uttered a harsh cry and started off like a deer through the woods and was soon out of sight. Determined, if possible, to find out something more in regard to this singular apparition, the hunter summoned his companions together, told them what he had seen, and proposed that they follow in the direction she had taken, and endeavor to learn where she had come from.

The party walked for about a mile through the woods and came to a small clearing. In one corner of this clearing was a miserable hovel, built of logs and with a roof of straw. They went towards it. Before they reached it the girl who had been seen by their companion came out of the door, and following after her was a boy, also entirely naked. They jumped about the door, as if playing, on all fours, picking up something from the ground occasionally and eating it. The hunters stood for a moment speechless with surprise at the most singular spectacle, and then approached nearer. They were soon seen by the wild beings—for wild they surely were—who at once ran swiftly off and hid in the woods.

Coming up to the door of the hut, the hunters looked in. On a bench in the middle of the room sat an old man, reading from a large book which rested on his knees. His clothing was scant and ragged, and evidently made by himself. A long white beard reached nearly to his waist, and, like his hair was matted and unkempt. There was no furniture in the room, except the bench. In one corner some straw was scattered about as if for a bed. The bare ground formed the floor. Near one end of the room a hole was dug, in which there was a fire. Over this was an iron kettle in which something was boiling. Everything betokened the most abject wretchedness; filth and dirt were on every side.

The old man arose when the strangers came to the door. He was below the medium height, and had a sharp, bright eye and an intelligent face. He invited the gentlemen into his house, and asked them, in polite terms, the nature of their errand. The hunters were at a loss at first to explain, but finally told the old man what they had seen in the woods and about his door, and expressed a curiosity to know who and what the strange beings were.

The old man laughed and said:

"Those are my children, William and Melvina—brother and sister. They appear peculiar to strangers, no doubt, but I'm used to 'em. Clothes are of not much account, anyhow, here in the woods."

The old man then stepped to the door and gave a peculiar shout. Very soon his children were seen to emerge from the woods and come stealthily toward the house, gesticulating and chattering a strange gibberish, and now and then laughing idiotically. They came near enough to afford a sufficient scrutiny. Both were well formed, with the exception of the lower limbs, which were distorted. The girl's face, although lacking any sign of intelligence, was not unprepossessing. The boy's features were repulsive. Their heads were small, the foreheads slanting far back. Long, matted hair hung from their heads, and their skin was nearly black with dirt and exposure. While the strangers were looking at them, the boy, with no apparent provocation, struck his sister a blow in the face, uttering a peculiar cry. She ran across the clearing and the boy followed her, seizing a stick that lay on the ground. The father started after them, shouting, "Let her alone, Bill! Let her alone, I say!" "Bill" did not catch his sister, however, and ran off in another direction. The old man returned to his guests, who could not repress their astonishment and disgust, but solicited an explanation of the extraordinary and almost incredible scenes which they beheld.

The old man, without any hesitation, told them the history of himself and his wild children. His name, he said, was Stephen Wells Parks. He was born in Luzerne county, Pa., and was fifty years of age. When he was twenty-five years of age he married, and moved, with his wife, to the farm where the hunters found him. His wife's health, he said, was poor, and her mind very weak. His daughter Melvina was born in 1850. She never had any care from her mother after she could walk, and no clothing except a cloth wrapped about her when it was cold. William was born two years afterwards, and was treated in the same way. Parks and his wife believed that it was useless to clothe their children out in the wilderness where they lived. Neither of the children ever spoke a word beyond their strange gibberish, which they apparently understood. They ran wild in the woods, living on roots, beech nuts, berries, and sometimes killing and eating snakes and toads. Walking so much on their hands and knees, hunting their food, occasioned the distortion of their legs. Melvina had always been of a docile, gentle disposition and easily managed. William was quite the contrary. He was vicious and ugly from the time he could creep, and, at the time the hunters discovered the family, was getting quite unmanageable.

The "farm" was used merely to raise enough potatoes and pumpkins to furnish food for the father and mother. The children seldom ate at home, and slept in the woods when the weather was not too cold—sometimes being gone for days at a time.

In 1867 the wife of Parks left him, stating as a reason that "Bill" was getting so unmanageable and ugly that she was afraid of him. She took with her another child, a baby, and had never returned. Up to the time of the visit of the hunters Parks had lived alone in the mountains with his wild, mute, idiotic children. If he had occasion to go away he always tied Bill up in the house with a strong rope, for fear he might kill Melvina. Parks said he found them a great burden and their care interfered with his studies. Surrounded by wretchedness and filth, the father of these brute like offspring had learned the Bible almost by heart, being able to repeat whole chapters at will from any portion of it. He was also well versed in history and mathematics, and had invented a system of shorthand writing which he used with wonderful dexterity. He exhibited specimens of penmanship executed by himself which were really elegant. He also recited selections from Shakspeare in a manner that astonished his hearers. He said he regretted his wife's absence very much, as it prevented him from investigating an important etymological theory of his.

The hunters left, finding it difficult to credit even what they had seen and heard. When the news of the "wild family" became known the farm was besieged with callers, and two enterprising individuals conceived the idea of securing the family and exhibiting the wild mutes about the country. Parks was willing to engage in the enterprise, and leased his unfortunate offspring for the purpose. He accompanied the exhibition, lecturing upon the circumstances attending the lives of his children and himself. The mutes were taken about the country for a few weeks, but the speculation proved a failure, and they were returned to the wilderness. Removed from restraint, they tore to shreds the clothing that had been placed upon them, as soon as they reached home.

After the first excitement created by the discovery of this family had died away they were forgotten. The arrest and incarceration of one of them has again brought them forward, and revealed a still more sickening chapter in their history.

Parks, the father, says that after their return home from the exhibition tour, Bill became more and more violent in his temper. He made several deadly assaults on both his sister and father. A few months after their return Melvina gave birth to a child. This child she and Bill killed in the woods and tore it to pieces. Not long afterwards Bill attacked his sister and killed her with an old knife that Parks used to cut up pumpkins with. Parks buried his daughter, and ever since that time he has lived in deadly fear of his son.

One day Bill attacked his father, knocking him down with a club. The old man got away from him, however, and came for an officer to arrest him. Two men went to Parks's place, and succeeded, after a struggle, in capturing him. They put a suit of clothing on him and brought him to Tunkhannock, and lodged him in jail. As soon as he was placed in the cell he tore off his clothing, and is now perfectly naked. Hundreds have flocked to the jail to see him. The wild, mute, maniac son will doubtless be sent to the insane asylum to spend the rest of his days.

It seems incredible that in this enlightened age, within the sound, as it were, of the church bells of a populous town, such a case of utter depravity and wretchedness could exist. But the above are the facts, which can be substantiated by plenty of reliable witnesses.

Warm Winters.

It is customary to forget each winter's weather before the next comes, and to consider every season remarkable. An old number of the Hartford *Courant* contains some records transcribed from the journal of the Rev. Thomas Smith, of Portland, Maine, kept between the years 1730 and 1795, which are rendered especially interesting by the present mildness. In 1735 January was pleasant and moderate, and February was a "summer month;" in 1738 January came in like April; in 1740 there were but two snow storms; February was a summer month again, and March the same; in 1751, January 15, the frost was entirely out of the ground, February was like spring, and "the winter ends a wonder through the whole." In 1756, in January the fish, as they are reported to have done this year, "struck in" from the sea, the weather being so warm. February was delightful, and March blustering, but soft as May. In 1773 Mr. Smith records a summer day on January 27, "wonderfully moderate the next day," and February 9, "no snow since December 29, wonderful weather. We saw two robins." In the year 1775, Feb. 27, the New York *Gazette and Post Boy* reports that "last Wednesday the weather was so uncommon warm that many lads went into the river to swim."

These are records all but one of them more than a century old. They notice six remarkably warm winters within a period of forty years, but coming with no noticeable periodicity. People who are calling this season strange above all others, indicative that our planet has drifted into new influences, and who are promising all sorts of consequences from poor crops to Second Advent, may bear in mind that there is a precedent for it all, and that whether the weather is divinely dispensed each day or is a grand sequence under ordained law which prayer cannot effect, it keeps coming and changing hour by hour, and the peculiar freaks of a century and more ago have not resulted in annihilation yet. Nor has the period between then and now been one of uninterrupted disaster.

A Caution.

Each year hundreds of people lose their lives by the communication of fire to their clothing. Children's clothing is light and inflammable as they venture near gas lights or other columns of flame. Dancers and others on the stage are also nightly subject to danger. French chemists declare that experiments in that line have convinced them that a valuable compound to do the desired work may be formed by boiling together twenty-five pounds of sugar of lead, fifteen pounds of litharge and forty gallons of water, for about half an hour. When this liquid is to be used, as much of it is taken as will at least completely cover the fabric or material to be treated—or, in many cases, the fabric, may be simply passed through the solution, raised to nearly the boiling point. This operation having been performed, the fabric is removed, and spread out for about twelve hours to the contact of the air, after which it is to be immersed for a period of from one to two hours into a hot and moderately strong solution of silicate of soda. On being withdrawn from this bath of silicate of soda, the material is allowed to drain, then wash thoroughly in soft water, and when dried, it will be found to have acquired, to a valuable degree, the property of being uninflammable. If a hundred or more human lives can be saved each year by this process, it will be one of the most valuable ever presented to the world.

Did Not Know.

Mr. Layard, the Eastern explorer, once requested a Mohammedan official to give him some statistics of the city in which he lived. He received in reply a letter, of which the following is an extract: "My illustrious Friend and Joy of my Liver: The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, this is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islem. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it. Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou comest unto us and we welcome thee. Go in peace."

The Marble Faun.

The Real "Hilda" of Nathaniel Hawthorne's Studies.

High above all the characters that Hawthorne ever drew, strong because of the perfect purity of her nature, sweet because of its absolute truthfulness, stands Hilda of the "Marble Faun," and yet it is only probable that for the original of this lovely portrait the darkest and saddest of fates has been reserved. Years ago, in her girlhood, Adeline Shepard was a governess in the family of Nathaniel Hawthorne, making a part of that happy domestic group during its sojourn in England and Italy, and the great novelist, watching her and studying her as it was his custom to study all with whom he came in contact, placed her portrait in the "Marble Faun" as his ideal of a maidenly purity so perfect as to be self-protecting, and potent for good with all who encountered it. Such, in her youth, was Mrs. Adeline A. Badger, concerning whom public conjecture has been busy during the last week, finally settled down to the dreary conviction that the life which began so beautifully has ended darkly and sadly.

From her childhood Mrs. Badger was distinguished for her cleverness and aptitude as a scholar, attracting the attention of Horace Mann while she was a pupil at the Normal School at West Newton, and winning the hearty commendation of the masters with whom she afterwards pursued her studies, at home and at Antioch College. It was after leaving this institution that she went to Europe with the Hawthornes, and traveled with them. Among the Americans whom she met abroad was Theodore Parker, to whom, from an appreciation similar to that which called forth the naturally chary sympathies of Hawthorne, she had been long endeared. Quite a pleasant anecdote is related of the cordial welcome extended by Mr. Parker at the time the two met in Florence. After her return she again went West, and eventually married the Rev. Henry C. Badger, of Antioch College, a Unitarian minister. With him she passed some years at the West, where he was preaching, and afterwards came to Cambridge. His health failed, and his energetic wife opened a school for girls and carried it on successfully for years.

This is the very short and simple story of a life which was very quiet until within a few months, when Mrs. Badger's appointment on the School Committee necessarily brought her before the public and made her name a household word in every city of the Union in which a daily newspaper is published, and caused her to be an object of interest both to the woman suffragists and to those who oppose them in the political field. Whether the excitement of the discussion which arose, or the feeling of the responsibility of her new position, or some unknown cause, drove her to her death, will probably never be known. The few brief notes that she left behind her tell little, and she seems to have been reticent in her conversation with the ladies to whom she spoke on the Fall River boat; there is no hint of any secret grief, and the only theory of the suicide is that the gifted woman and talented teacher sought her own destruction, having become insane through dread of insanity. Having already seen the dark cloud descend upon more than one member of her family she feared its approach to herself, and sought security in death.

Herein it is proper to remark that some misinformation has been published in regard to the presence of insanity in the family. Her father, the late Otis Shepard, of Dorchester, was never subject to insanity, nor is it true that one of the sisters died insane. The derangement in the only two cases that have occurred was temporary, and yielded readily to judicious treatment. It is the conviction of those best knowing the facts that if the subject of this sketch could have been reached betimes, whatever aberrations of mind she might have been thus subject to might easily have been warred off and a permanent mental restoration secured.

Business Prospects.

It has been the prediction of almost all who have much reputation as commercial prophets, that business during 1874 would be active and remunerative, and we have already indications that the activity has begun. Manufacturing, especially of textile fabrics, is progressing favorably, and few establishments are idle. The fact that the cotton factories are now running at a profit is not the least gratifying feature of the present condition of affairs. The woolen manufacturing interest is in a less prosperous condition, but those who are doing business with a reasonable degree of caution are paying their way. The retail dry goods trade has hardly settled down to steady work on business principles, and there is still considerable driving off of goods at less than cost for the sake of moving them. This is not general, however, and is likely to come to an end before long.

Of other extensive New England industries, the manufacture of boots and shoes is justly considered the most important. The demand for goods in this line seems to be a little backward, the mildness of the season accounting in a measure for the lateness of this trade. The low prices which ruled at the South and West during the two months of the panic, on cotton, wool and provisions, have also much to do with it, as the producers were thereby impoverished to a certain extent.

It is well to take into account, in estimating the probable consumptive demand for goods, the fact that the purchasing power of the country was reduced millions of dollars by the panic. In the South and West the producers were compelled to sacrifice very heavily on their products in order to turn them into cash at a time when money was scarce. The enforced idleness of thousands of mechanics for two months placed them also in a position from which they cannot recover at once. Many of them will feel it their first duty to replace, as soon as possible, their deposits in the savings banks, which they were compelled to draw upon; while others, less fortunate, will be obliged to devote several weeks to the payment of debts contracted during the time when they had no work. This will

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Feb. 12, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
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The legislature is being flooded with petitions for the repeal of the local option law, among them quite a number from this county. There are also petitions against a repeal, but they are not as numerous as the first mentioned.

Russia declines to participate in the Centennial Exposition, on the ground that the exhibition is a private and not a national one.

Contested Elections—An Important Precedent.

Under the above heading the Morning Patriot, of 6th, has an article which we copy here, and to the concluding portion of which we wish particularly to call the attention of the people of this country, as showing the high estimate which is placed upon the opinions of our representative, Mr. Orvis, in the legislature: The Patriot says:

Day by day the value of the new constitution is vindicated by its workings. Yesterday the contested election case from the Northumberland, Montour district was disposed of without costing a cent. Last year the state paid over $40,000 to quiet disputed titles of this sort. So cheap a result, however, may never again be obtained, and this case deserves more than a passing notice from the importance of the precedent.

Under the act of 1839 cases of contested elections have been uniformly referred to committees, whose decisions were final, as provided by the constitution of 1838. The framers of the new constitution intended to turn over to the courts the whole business of settling disputes of this kind; but by one of those errors which are inseparable from human effort the last sentence of sect. 5, art. II. of the new constitution reads, "Each house shall choose its other officers, and shall judge of the election and qualifications of its members." There is no question that the word "election" slipped into this section by oversight or negligence. But there it is, and the people ratified the section in that shape.

The real intent of the convention was embodied in section 17, Article VIII, which provides that.

"The trial and determination of contested elections of election of President and Vice President, members of the general assembly, and of all public officers, whether state, judicial, municipal or local shall be by the courts of law, or by one or more of the law judges thereof; the general assembly shall, by general law, designate the courts and judges by whom the several classes of election contests shall be tried and regulate the manner of trial and all matters incident thereto, but no such law assigning jurisdiction or regulating its exercise shall apply to any contest arising out of an election held before its passage."

In the dilemma presented by these conflicting provisions, the committee on elections, to whom the petition of the contestant was referred were apparently of two minds. A majority at first assented to the opinion that the act of 1839 being annulled by the operation of the constitution no action could be taken, but afterwards recommended the appointment of a committee, under the provisions of that act, to report to the house for its final decision by virtue of its power to judge of the election of its members.

The dissenting report, prepared and presented by Mr. Orvis on behalf of the minority of the committee, takes the ground that the act of 1839 is a dead letter and the provisions of the constitution in operation through omission to provide for the case of a contested election happening before the passage of a law designating the courts to decide it, and that consequently the legislature has no power to touch the question arising in this case. The house indorsed this view by tabling both reports by a vote of 86 to 3. The minority report is a most masterly one and indicates clearly what legislation is likely to be approved in this delicate question of the adjustment of the respective powers of the judiciary and legislature growing out of an accidental interpolation. It is very seldom the clear statement of a proposition adverse to a political majority receives such a remarkable endorsement.

Some of the third-rate radical country sheets, among them the Tuten Republican, are grumbling at the new governor of Ohio, Allen, because, as they allege, he has taken high-priced hotel quarters. Well, even if he does, he has not been in office for a long time, and the money he spends is his own, honestly earned cash, and if he chooses to put it in circulation, all the better. He is not spending the public money, as does Grant to keep up the white house in princely style, or as did Williams and the other cabinet officers, who purchased $1500 landaulets, and gay horses, and elegant harness, for their wives to drive about with, and have the bill charged to the government.

Geo. Allen never was caught in being free with other people's money, but on the contrary he has always had an eye to the strictest economy in that respect, and if he is inclined to be free with his own funds, it is no ones business, and the Peg Beatty organs of the radical party can find any number of enormous items of wicked extravagance of the public funds—other people's money—which the members of their party are spending, if they wish to find them.

Lieutenant Governor.

The Bellefonte *Watchman* is overly kind in its suggestions about the Lieutenant Governorship, but the editor of the Columbian is not sufficiently ambitious in the direction of office-holding to induce him to descend to the pools to which it is necessary to descend to obtain nominations for official position. The office in question is valueless so far as the public good is concerned or in giving opportunity to serve the public with effect; yet it is an honorable one, without grave duty or much labor, and may therefore be desirable. Somebody who is willing to "arrange" with Philadelphia and Pittsburg rings and make the necessary bargains with the puppets who usually represent those localities, will no doubt carry off the "honor." We hope for the nomination of Gen. Roumfort, or some other man who will be a credit to the party and to the State, and the name of the editor of the Columbian will not be permitted to stand in the way of any such candidate.

The above is from Dieffenbach's Bloomsburg Columbian, and is not the kind of reply that was expected—something like, "I'll tickle you, and you tickle me," is what was looked for. Why didn't you bite, Diffy, couldn't you have returned the compliment by proposing the other feller for something.

JUDICIAL APPORTIONMENT.

The senate committe on the judiciary general has fixed the number of judicial districts in the state at forty-eight, with two additional law judges for Philadelphia, one for York and Adams, one for Luzerne, one for Dauphin and Lebanon, one for Clearfield, Centre and Clinton and one for Butler and Lawrence. The bill proposed by the committee increases the present number of judges fifteen.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has dicided that a distiller in a county where the issuing of license is prohibited by the local option law has no right to sell the liquor manufactured by him.

B. L. Bruce, a negro, has been elected United States Senator from Mississippi.

On 3rd, the Memphis and Louisville Railroad Company's shops, in Memphis, were destroyed by fire. Loss $130,000.

The elections in England on 3rd, were attended by great disorder. In Greenwich, Bury, Lincoln, and elsewhere serious disturbances occured. In Lincoln the military was called out to disperse the rioters. Messrs. Lowe, Gladstone, Cardwell, Vernon Harcourt, and Childers were re-elected. The Conservatives gained several seats.

BEHM'S BLACK BUTCHERS.

ROSENTINE'S REVELATIONS.

PRESTON PRONOUNCED THE PLANNER.

A Startling Story About Him.

[From the Morning Patriot, Feb. 5th]

Our report of the confession of Lewis Rosentine, the murderer, was necessarily brief yesterday morning. It will be found entire in this morning's Patriot.

The Confession.

My name is Lewis Rosentine. I was born in Virginia. My mother was a free woman. After my stepfather (who was a slave) was sold to a North Carolinian my mother removed to that state. I will be twenty-four years old the fourth day of July next.

I came to this state in 1865 with Colonel Turner, of the Eighty-third Pennsylvania regiment. I was his servant. Resided in Pittsburg until 1871, when I came to Harrisburg. Worked for Dr. Rutherford, Mr. Sanders, Mr. Kolp, Behmer, Estephe, Dull and Lust, attending their horses.

I became acquainted with John Preston while in prison, 1873. I stopped with him when I was released.

While in prison Preston's wife came in one day and told him that Joe Garner was very low and expected to die. After she had gone Preston began to get sick. He did not eat anything for a day or two. I said "John, what's the matter?" "Well," he said, "I'd like to tell you, but I don't like to tell you. I'll study over it." So he did not tell me until one night when he was taken very sick. He called me. I did not hear him at first, but on turning over I heard him say, "give me a drink of water for God's sake." He says rap at the door and tell Mr. Simmons I want to see him. I says, what do you want to see him for? Then he says, I am going to die. Oh, I said, I guess you are not going to die yet. I did not knock. He then commenced calling his wife and his children. Then he says to me, you asked me what's the matter; I am going to tell you now but I don't want you to say anything about it. I said, John, if you think I'll tell it you had not better say anything about it, for you might live to get out, and you might hear of this and you'd have it against me all your life. Well, he says, I'll trust you anyhow. I said well you can trust me. He said he was going to tell me, and if ever he heard of it he would shoot me for he knew no person knew anything about it except this other man and his wife. I said, John don't tell me that you are going to shoot me if ever you hear of it. Well he says, you won't tell it? I said no. Then he says give me your hand for it. He then got at and told me that he and Joe Garner had murdered a man. Then I said you did murder him? He replied, yes. I said where did you murder him at; he said here in town Where did you take him; he said out beyond the colored cemetery in a little woods there and buried him. I asked him who was along with him when he buried him. He said he and Joe Garner. I said didn't you have him in a bag or nothing. He said no; I buried him as a brute, put him in a hole and covered him over. I asked whether no one else knew anything about it but him and Joe Garner? He said, yes; Hen Johnson, his brother-in-law and his wife. He killed him for money. He told me the name, but I can't remember. He was a stranger—he came here on the cars. He killed him that night, down about the depot. He said he was a porter at that time, and the man wanted to go to a hotel—when he took him to the other side of the canal and killed him. He said he got about $2,000—Joe took $1,000 and he $1,000. Then I asked him what his wife knew about it—he said he had told her.

He told me afterwards, while in prison, about some money which was buried somewhere this side of Lancaster. He said when he and I got out of prison we would go down and get it. Preston was out of prison five months before I was. I did not go to see him when I got out. He sent for me by Henry Johnson to come to see him. I went, and after shaking hands he told me to sit down. He then said, Dont't you remember what we were talking about in prison? He said Is you going? I said, John is there no trouble in getting the money—would there be any danger of hurting anybody? He said, Well if you hurt anybody it will never be found out. You stay with me. I stayed with him a couple of days. On Tuesday night of the week previous to the murder he went to Mr. John Miller's and borrowed a bag. I said, John what are you going to do with the bag? He said To put money in it. I asked him Whether there was that much that it takes a two bushel bag to hold it. He said, Yes I am going to have it or I'll kill somebody.

We went down the street together that night, and I sneaked off from him, but he followed me up. I did not like the idea of killing anybody, and so I wanted to get away. I went to Oscar Jones' and sat down there about half an hour. Preston then came in and said: Low, God damn your soul, I,m a man, not a half a man. I said to him: John, I don't want to go down there. He said: You promised you would go and you have got to go now. So I told him I would go the next night.

Next night (Wednesday) I again sneaked off from him. The next day (Thursday), in the morning, I met his step daughter, who said, John is awful mad at you. I said What about? She said You promised him to go along with him below Middletown and you didn't come. I met him about noon in Tanner's alley and he said to me, You're the damdest liar I ever saw. Then I said John, we have both been in trouble—we are both out now and we had better stay out. I said If you murder a man it cannot be hid—it will sure be found out. He said Any man that says murder can't be hid tells a damn lie. So he says, You're going, are you? I told him Yes, I'll go.

The next day, Friday evening after dark we got on a freight train (Preston and I) and went to Middletown, stopped with a Mrs. Glass, who lives in Middletown. We stayed there all that night; next day, Saturday, we went out. So he took me to this house where there were two old men and a young woman and an old woman. He told me their name after I got there This is Behm's. I asked him, John what are we going to do here? He said, This is where the money is; I want to get this money. I said, John, these people don't get much money; they look too poor to have any money. Oh, he said, I know all about it; I am an old citizen around here; I know who has money and who has not. I said, John are you going to murder the people, is you. He said Yes. Then I said You ain't going to murder them all, is you, there's most too many to kill. Well he says, I've got to have money. I said, John, my God, I don't want to go into this! Then he says, Well, you are here now and you've got to into into. I said, I can't do it to-night. I can't murder anybody now. Then he went and got two flails and untied them. He laid them aside, after I wouldn't go into it that night.

John says if you wont go into it to-night will see John Moody. Will you go down with John Moody? I told him I would. This conversation occurred in the barn about four o'clock Saturday afternoon. No person saw us; we were not in the house.

We left then about six o'clock after dark so that no person would see us—went back to Middletown, got on a freight train and came to Harrisburg. I went home with Preston that night. I stayed with him until Thursday morning after.

Preston sent for Moody to his house next day (Sunday) and told him about the murder, and said, John, will you go along? John said Yes of course I'll take a hand in it. He (Preston) said I don't know whether Lew will go or not, he is too scared of his life. John Moody says, Lew why won't you go? Oh, I says, I don't care about going, John; if it was to get any money without hurting any person, I'll go. Well, he (Moody) says, If you do murder a man, it can be hidden; it will never be found out. He said he and Tom Dorsey, who went to the penitentiary and is dead, now, murdered a shoemaker and a woman, and they were never found out. I said, Johnny, Murder cannot be hid, and if not found out now it will be found out some day. Then John Preston's wife says You are to chicken hearted, Lew.

John Preston then said, will you go? I said, yes I will go, but I won't have anything to do with striking any blow; that if I murdered any person I would have to answer for it before God when I die. I would go along but would strike no blow.

Preston says, Will you go and show John Moody the place; I said I don't know whether I can find it. I will be as much in it if I take him there to murder a man as he would. Then I told him I would go there myself if I could see a way of getting the money without hurting any one. I told him I knowed I would be found out. We closed that. I and John Moody was to go.

I saw John Moody on Monday. John says, Lew, are you going? I said no, I won't go. Then he said, you stand in pretty bad danger if you don't go. Then I says, John I'll go, but will not have anything to do striking any blows. The same day John Preston said he would stay around town and keep a look out.

When Tuesday night came me and John Moody met again at Preston's house. I said to John Preston, what road will we have to go to get to Mr. Behm's? He said, damn it, didn't I tell you the Colebrook road? I says how will you know when you get there? He said, there is a carpenter shop on the right hand side, just before you get there. I said, John, are you sure the men got money?

He said yes, I know they got it. I lived in Middletown a year or two. I was born in Columbia. I know the mens well. Well, I says, I will go providing I can get the money without hurting any person. John Moody said, I'll have it or kill every one in the house. John Preston said, that's a man; you're a man, John; you've got some blood about you; you've got the same I've got; Low, you've got no blood at all; you're afraid to wade in blood to get a pile of money. I said: It is time to be afraid when you come to murder a man; it was not what it was cracked up to be to murder a person. He said: You go with John Moody and I'll bet he'll get it. John Moody jumped up and cracked his heels and said: You're right; I'll bet I'll have it. We agreed to go on Thursday.

I did not see John Moody until Thursday morning. I was to meet him at eight o'clock. I went to the house. His brother-in law awakened him up. So I said, John, you're going is you? He said, yes. I said, I had better go; I have no friends here, and to get John Preston against me he might kill me. He combed his head, washed his face and got ready. We started about ten o'clock. We went down past the steel works on the turnpike to Middletown. Met Mr. Hildebrandt this side of the Lockiel. He stopped and spoke to me. Got into a butcher's wagon the other side of the steel works and rode to Highspire with him.

John wanted to knock the man down after we got out and rob him. I said, John, I see how things are working now; we will be caught—you are too plain about this. I said, if a man's so kind as to let us ride with him we shouldn't rob him. He says, Ho, hell; you are not fit to go anywhere with no person.

We stopped at a store at Highspire to get some crackers and cheese. I had no money. John Moody paid for it. We then went on towards Middletown and stopped this side, where John went in for something to eat. We went into a shoe store at Middletown to get a pair of boots. John told he worked at the steel works and would bring him customers. He got no boots—not having money enough.

From Middletown we went to the lime kiln about a mile beyond. Stopped there about an hour. Asked the man if we could stay there all night. He said we could. We looked around the country and returned before dark; we remained there all that night.

We left the lime kiln after daylight, Friday morning.

We then went on down the pike after we had crossed the Swatara bridge; met a gentleman in a spring wagon. Asked him which was the way to the Colebrook road; he said you are right on it now; we rode with him in the wagon, I on the right side John on the left; the man says, boys you are crowding me to close; I told him I was setting to the end and John was crowding him, and he says get back further on the seat; we rode only a short distance and then got out.

We went on down the road. I said, John, we had better postpone this matter. I see there is a good deal of corn to husk in the field, and we might get a job an earn our money honest. I have been in a good bit of trouble, and never was in jail in my life until I came to Harrisburg, and didn't want to go back.

John says, damn you, if you don't go with me now and come back to Harrisburg you'll not live long. I says to him, John, you never saw the day you can lick me, and never will. Well, he says, if I can't whip you something else can, and John Preston will have that against you too. Then I said well, I'll go, rather than have anything like that against me.

We reached the shoemaker's before we got to Behm's, about 10 or 11 o'clock. He went—looked around and found the place. I said, John, I think this is the place. He says, How do you know it is? I said, there's the carpenter shop. He said, I must be sure of this—what is the name? I said, John Preston told me Behm's. I said, John, how are we going to find out? He says, We will go in and ask for a piece. We met the old man at the water trough. John says, Can we get a piece here? He says, Yes, go into the house and the woman will give you a piece. So we both went in. John asked the lady for a piece. She was sick—but got up out of bed. She cut us two pieces of bread. She said, Boys, I have no meat; we have not butchered yet; if I had, I would give you some. I told her I was very much obliged to her for what she did give.

So when we came out of the house the two old men working in the shop called to us to come in and warm ourselves. We stayed there about half an hour. This was about 11 o'clock.

The man said: Boys, you must excuse us, we have to lock the shop; we must go and get some wood, we have none. John said, Oh, hell, can't we stay in here and warm ourselves? Then I said, John, let us go out, they have been so kind to us to let us warm ourselves. Then he (Moody) said to the men, what's your gentlemen's names? One said Abraham Behm; we're two old brothers, we've been living here for a good many years.

John asked him, Do you own this place? He told him, Yes; it was only a small place, and not worth much. Then I asked him how many acres he had. He said eighteen or nineteen acres, I think he said; I am not sure of it. John said, I guess you men are pretty well off? No, he replied, not well off, we have just got a comfortable home here; we have to work hard for our living—the same as you men. Then they shut up the shop and went up into the woods, bidding us the time.

Then I said to John, Can you murder such kind men as them? He says, Yes I can murder them; they are all damn kind now, but I'll make them kind enough before I leave here. I said, John we are colored men, and you would not find many men out of hundreds who would treat us with the respect these men did. He said, Well I have come to do it, and I'll either kill them or they'll kill me; I must have that money. I says, John don't hurt these two men, they've got no money. I said, Come and let us hunt work some place and not hurt such kind men as them.

We then went on down the road. We stopped at a house. John went up and got a piece from a boy. We proceeded on and got disputing. I said, John, you're bound to do it. He said, Yes, I'm going through with it. I said, Well, stop now and we'll talk over this matter. We stopped awhile. I said, John, I'll go with you—I'll not murder any one, but still I'll go with you. So we went back to the barn, went in and laid in the straw. We laid there till dark.

It was about twelve o'clock noon when we went into the barn. John had a razor in his pocket. I said, John, what are you going to do with it? He had no razor when he started. I had seen him take it off the window at the shoemaker's, near Behm's. He said he was going to cut their throats with it. I said, John, my God, don't let us murder nobody. I said, Here are the flails John Preston and I untied. John then filled his pocket with tobacco out of the box. We laid in their barn until about six o'clock, when the old man came out and commenced shelling corn.

John says, now is our time. I said, John it ain't my time, for I said I wouldn't have anything to do with striking no blow. John and I came around where the old man was, John Moody had a flail in his hand, the other which I had was left in the straw where we were lying. We went in unbeknown to the old man; he was stooping down, shelling corn; on looking up saw us. He was scared and said, I must go to the house, John said, I guess you won't go now, for you'll see all the house you will see. When he said that John struck him with the flail, when he hollowed for his brother.

Then John hit him a couple more blows. I told him to stop; my God don't murder that poor man. When the man fell John got down on his knees and choked him until he was dead. While he was choking him he said, Ain't you going to help, my fingers are tired? I told him No, I was not going to help him at all. Then he told me to rob his pockets. I said I won't do that either. He then got at his pockets, turned them inside out, but did not get anything but an old knife and a lead pencil; it was all the old man had. John Moody then said, Now, damn it, I will wait until the rest come in. They will come after him I know. In four or five minutes the young woman called to Mr. Behm to come to supper. She came to the barn door, where we were standing. She did not see us. John was going to hit her when I caught the flail and threw it back. Then she went back, when the other old gentleman and the woman came with a lantern. He came to the stable and saw his brother's hat and the blood among the corn. He said Oh, my brother is dead! We were then standing back in the shed. We had taken up the body and covered it over with straw. When the old gentleman found his brother, John started to go in to kill the old man and the woman. I prevented him.

Then went back to the house, and the old gentleman ordered the woman to blow the horn. She blowed the horn. John asked me whether I should throw the flail at her. He threw the flail and said, now, let us go in and murder them all. I said no, I won't do no such thing—I'm going to leave. So the young woman went up stairs and blew the horn, when John threw a stone up.

Then he turned and run first, leaving me a good piece behind. When I caught up to him he said, That's business. I replied, Too much business. We started right on, stopping at the shoe-maker's shop, one half mile beyond. When in there he said, I wonder what will come of us down the road to-morrow? I asked him Why. He said, My crime is heavier than yours.

Then he took me out in another room and said, Let us murder this old man; I guess he's got money. I said, John, that old man ain't got any money. Then he got to asking the old man how long he'd been living in this country. Old man told him a good while. John said, If you have been living in this country a good while you ought to be rich. I said, I see you ought to be rich.

He asked him for something to eat. The old man told him he didn't have anything there; he didn't eat there. He asked him for some tobacco. He said he had none for himself. He then asked him for to eat. He told him he had no money; he was a poor man; he had to make his living as we did. John told him to get out, he did have money.

We then went out into the room; I took pants and umbrella, John the coat, shoe knife, cane and the last. He gave me the last afterwards, the next day.

We then started out; the old man hollowed to us to bring back the clothes, that he was a poor man. John told him to shut up or he would break in his head—he had killed one man already. The man said, Little fellow, I have known you for seven or eight years, bring my clothes back, when I said, If he has known you that long I will lay the clothes down, when John said, keep them; damn him, he has plenty of money.

We stopped about a mile from there to get something to eat. I told John not to ask for anything, for the murder was just done. A gentleman came out on the porch and asked him what he wanted. He said he wants something to eat for him and his brother. The man came out with a lantern and looked into his face, bringing him something to eat.

I was standing a good piece away; the gentleman did not see me at all. So we went on to the other side of the bridge below Middletown, where John again asked for something to eat. He had put on the shoemaker's coat before he got there. The man gave him something to eat. He came and gave me something. At that time two persons came through the bridge. The men said, Good evening boys. John said Good morning.

We stopped again at the limekiln about half an hour. John asked the man that was there if he had any tobacco. He said no. John reached in his own pocket and gave him a handful of the leaf tobacco he took from Mr. Behm's. John asked him whether he could stay all night. He said no his son was there; he had no room. We then came on to Harrisburg. John got on a canal boat this side of Middletown. I walked on the tow path.

John jumped off after a short distance on finding out the boat was not going to stop at Harrisburg. By jumping off the boat he hurt himself. The shirts found at Middletown I know nothing about it. We never changed clothes at all. We stopped about two or three times in a field below the steel works where there was a fire, where there had been some plowing, until about four o'clock. John being lame could hardly walk.

When we got out of the field on the pike, some market wagons were passing. John says to me, We didn't make anything down there, so let's knock some of the market persons off their wagons. I told him, You can hardly walk now, so what would you do, you could not get out the road.

We stopped at the Lochiel iron works a short time. We reached Harrisburg about daylight. We parted company at the United States hotel. John wanted me to take the coat and kane. Said he could walk without it. I said, John, how is this, do you want to put it all on me? Well he said, I am going home; I did not take them. Moody went home to his mother's. I had no place to go, and so went into Mr. Shuster's. Remained there until John Preston came.

While I was around at Mr. Shuster's, a police officer met me and asked me what my name was. I told him my name. He met John Preston there and asked him whether I was at his house on Friday and Friday night. John told him yes I was there. Then another police officer came and saw the bundle I had left at Shuster's, and had searched it before I came back. So I took the bundle and sold it to a colored man for one dollar.

Then John Preston called me, the police officer having left, and says, You and John Moody's been down there and done murdered Mr. Behm, and they're after you. I said John, I told you I did not want to go into this. Of course murder couldn't be hid and would be found out. Anyhow I did not strike any blow nor murder any man.

He (Preston) said, Come, go along with me home; I put you into this, and I'll try to save you. I know you didn't want to go into it. So I went with him home. He says to his wife, Mother, they're after Lew for murdering. I said, Mr. Preston I told you this, when you coaxed me to go down there that it would be found out.

Then I asked her what I would do now. She said, Well, all we in this house will swear you was here on Friday night. I asked how she could swear that, when nobody else saw me in town. She says, well, I can swear to it.

On Saturday night they came and arrested John Preston for the murder. I was sitting in the kitchen. Mrs. Preston came then and told me to get my hat and get out, for John had been arrested on account of me. I asked, wasn't he the occasion of it. She said yes; but wouldn't do me any good now.

I said, My God, where will I go now? She said, I don't care where you go, only so you get out of this. I left and went up to a woman by the name of Beckie Adams, near the car shop. I remained there until Sunday night when I was arrested at her house.

I certify that the foregoing is true to the best of my knowledge.

his
LEWIS X ROSENTINE.
mark

——Moody has since made a confession contradicting the above, which we will furnish next week.

For the Reporter,

MIRIAM NEALE.

By J. HARRISON BUTTS.

"Miriam Neale, I wish you would stop that weavin apple-blossoms in your hair, and try to get the mornin work done"—screamed old Mrs. Demsey—"you are allers a foolin precious time away, and get nothin done—there now, like a good girl, go and milk old Starry, and then skim the crocks of milk, and put the spring-house in order."

Miriam put aside the scented wreath and gathered the stray blossoms off the floor, and hastily ran out to do Mrs. Demsey's bidding. Starry was milked and started to the green pasture,—the spring-house was next visited, and the golden cream gathered, and put in proper place, the stone floor neatly mopped, while the crystal stream of water danced merrily through the old spring-house far away back by the green pasture lands.

"Miriam! Miriam Neale, you just hurry up here!" came floating into the ear of little Miriam as she stood by the clear, gushing stream, thinking of the great future, "must I always stay at this weary, hum-drum life?" "No" clenching her tiny fist, "No, I will be something more than old Mrs. Demsey's slave, I want knowledge and must have it, let come what may—study I will"—the revery was broken in upon by the schrill scream of Mrs. Demsey—ain't you a comin Miriam Neale; it is nigh on to seven o'clock and just you hurry into the house."

Mrs. Demsey slammed the kitchen door to and busied herself with a basket of eggs, selecting the freshest for immediate use laying them out on a tin platter. "That ar gal worries me too much," said Mrs. Demsey to herself, "She arn't worth her boarding—just to think them ar folks will be here this afternoon, and Miriam go dreadful slow—we will be behind time with them ar cakes."

At this moment little Miriam sprang into the old kitchen, her cheeks all aglow and her bright blue eyes dancing merrily, and the old dame's heart softened toward the child when she beheld her shining face, and spoke in gentle tones, "Miriam, put your sunbonnet on and run to the village store for sugar, and hurry back as I need it soon."

"May I put on my pink dress?"

"Yes you may child, and do be back in time," as the little waif ran out of the old kitchen, her happy heart burst out in a may-day carol and echoed in the heart of old Mrs. Demsey long after the child left the house. "If Miriam would allers be so happy I could do a great deal more for her—well perhaps I'm a leetle pertickler with her," and old Mrs. Demsey wiped a tear from her eyes as she thought of her own darling sleeping for years under the daisies and a motherly love crept into her old heart for the little orphan who was dependent on her for life and sustenance. From that hour old Mrs. Demsey loved the child with a love she had never known since she stood by the open grave of her own cherished darling Mary—and there in that old farm-house kitchen she opened her heart to the little waif, and asked God to help her do her duty, and from that hour little Miriam had a mother in old Mrs. Demsey.

"O, Mrs. Demsey, there was such a fine carriage stopped at the inn," exclaimed Miriam, as she laid the sugar on the table, a lady and two such beautiful children and a young gentleman, O, Mrs. Demsey, I wish you could see them, they look so beautiful and good."

Mrs. Demsey sank into an old high backed, splint bottom chair, and softly called Miriam to her without noticing what the child had said, Miriam ran to the aged woman, looked in her old face and saw a light there she had never seen before; clasping the child to her bosom she said, "darling Miriam, will you take the place and make sunshine in my old heart, same as Angel Mary did?"

The child kissed the wrinkled face of the old woman, smoothed back her gray hair, and imprinted a loving kiss on those faded lips and softly murmured, "Mother."

The little orphan nestled her head on that old breast, and the soft, warm, sunlight kissed the gray hairs of good old Mrs. Demsey, and lovingly rested amid the golden curls of sweet Miriam Neale.

O! what a joyous light came into the hearts of those two beings, as Miriam kneeled on the lap of mother Demsey and showered kisses on that fair old face, wrinkled and care-worn as it was, Miriam thought it beautiful as good. To Miriam this was a day in her life never before known, and years afterwards, when children gathered around her, and the daisies bloomed on the grove of old Mother Demsey—she never forgot the happy love given her in the old farm-house kitchen.

Mother Demsey had said nothing to Miriam about the expected guests, and as she took a basket from a hook on the wall by the door, she glanced down the lane which led to the highway, and called mother Demsey saying, "the fine carriage I saw at the inn is coming up the lane. O the beautiful lady is coming to our house, arn't she? Who is she?"

Mother Demsey rubbed her glasses, placed them over her eyes, and looked in the direction of the carriage. "Why child," she said, "that is my Sister's darter and her children. I am glad they are come to the old nest, we must make everything pleasant for Annie Moore and her family—run right up stairs to the spare rooms and throw the windows open."

Miriam almost flew up the old stairway—and wondered as she went why mother Demsey had never mentioned in all the years she knew her, anything about her beautiful friends. She arranged the muslin curtains so that the sunshine gleamed cheerily into the rooms—and hurried down to see the carriage stop at the gate.

"Sakes alive Annie I am glad to welcome you to the old home—come in, it does my old eyes good to rest upon you—and is this Willis?" grasping the hand of a grand and noble youth, "why you are grown into a man," said the fussy old woman. "Thrice welcome to the old home," as the group entered the porch. "This is Miriam," said Mrs. Demsey, and a finer girl is not in the neighborhood."—Annie Moore spoke kindly as she took the hand of the really beautiful girl—and Willis, as he pressed her hand, wondered why she was so beautiful.

Days passed and Willis Moore strayed through the meadows, and woodlands—angled for speckled trout in the flashing stream, and when mother Demsey could spare Miriam she accompanied him in his rambles.

One day they were seated by the brook, when Willis turned to Miriam and said, "aunt Demsey must send you to school I would you like to go?" "O it has been a dream in my heart for years. Yet I never looked for its realization.—I have longed for books, and if I could go away I would strive to gain the goal. So far I have been powerless, and mother Demsey seemed always harsh to me until the day you came."

"Well Miriam, I will speak to aunt today, and have her consent to let you go to L. Academy; and Miriam, I trust that you will improve each hour, for I am proud of you, and feel that you will prove worthy of the interest I have taken in your welfare. May success follow you through all your after-life. To-morrow we leave for our own home, and after you have been to L. three years, may I come and judge of your improvement?"

"O certainly, and trust I may not disappoint you."

The heart of Miriam fluttered with a joy unspeakable as she placed her rosy lips to the bearded mouth of Willis Moore, as a seal to their contract. Aunt Demsey was duly spoken to, and all necessary arrangements were made for Mirriam to attend L. Academy.

In a room in the academy, three years later, stood a beautiful girl, in all the flush of young-womanhood—golden curls fell to her waist—the bright, beautiful face wore a smile of peace and joy that seemed angelic. She is thinking of the promise Willis Moore made three years agone, to come and judge of her acquirements. The time is up, and within three days she will be back to the old farm-house, yet he is not here.

The old Academy bell rings out clear and sweet the call for commencement exercises. With a little throb in her heart Miriam Neale hurries to the reception room, a deep flush on her beautiful face brought there by the seeming fact of a broken contract. On her way a servant hands her a letter—with a tremor Miriam opens the missive and reads.—"Dear Miriam Neale—I am here to keep my tryst. Yours, Willis Moore"

With a happy throb in her young heart she enters the reception-room and Willis Moore rises to meet her. Three years have made many changes for you Miriam, he said, and you have far exceeded my expectations.

"When a little girl I called you Willis. May I do so now?" "Yes, Miriam," and a love-light shone in his eyes as they rested on the lovely face before him.

"We will away to commencement and there I hope you will not judge me too harshly if I fail. I have tried to employ every moment, and at least hope to merit your approbation."

"That you have already——" a bevy of school girls gathered around them, and the rest of the sentence was not uttered.

All was joy and yet confusion. Order was restored, grave men and sedate women were there, young and old sat side by side, and amongst that sea of faces, Willis Moore looked happy and peaceful, Miriam Neal looked beautiful and good, and as she caught the gaze of Willis, a richer bloom dyed her cheeks—her heart beat faster and the determination of success seemed stronger—and Miriam Neale wore honors that day which were justly hers.

Willis greeted Miriam warmly after all was over, and whispered "to-morrow we will away to the old home and surprise aunt Demsey. I am going to ask aunt to let me have you always."

"Oh Willis! you do not mean it, you are jesting, no, you will not stoop to the orphan, Miriam Neale." The countenance of the lovely girl betokened the agitation within, and a crystal tear tinged her long eye-lashes.

"To me you are doubly dear," said Willis, "and Miriam if you will say yes, we really will surprise aunt Demsey"

"Willis Moore, three years ago when first we met, I loved you, yet in the simplicity of my heart I knew it not. While at school, my only ambition was not to disappoint you, and now dear Willis, I believe your love honorable, and to be without you—all would be darkness." Imprinting a kiss upon the fair face before him, Willis bade the orphan good-by and wended his way back to the hotel—while Miriam Neale sought the recluse of her room and fell upon her knees, while blinding tears rained down her cheeks, not tears of sorrow, but tears of joy—and thanked God for the noble love of Willis Moore.

Aunt Demsey stood in the farm house door shading her eyes with her own hand, and gazing earnestly down the lane.

"It is seen time Miriam and Willis were here," she murmured and—turning back into the kitchen told Susan to get the best china out, and have all things in redness for Miriam would soon be here.

Aunt Demsey turned to the doorway again just as Willis drove through the great gateway. In a moment Miriam sprang out and was in the arms of dear old Mother Demsey.

Weeping tears of joy, and raining kisses upon that plain old face, O how happy to be at the old home again—"thrice welcome, darling," said the old woman, leading the way to the house—"child, my old heart is young again at beholding you, and I won't let you go from beneath the old roof. The years have been lonely without you, and now your sweet face brings sunshine into every room of the old farm house.

"But Aunty," said Willis coming in," I am going to steal Miriam from you to gladden my own home, with your consent I will try and prove a faithful husband. Now aunty say yes and the matter is settled."

"Willis, I allers expected to see Miriam settled in life before I sleep in the old church-yard, and I know of no one more worthy of her than you, with my blessing upon you both she is yours."

Willis Moore stooped and kissed the withered cheek of his woman hearted aunt, and Miriam knelt by the side of her foster mother with her golden curls straying over her lap.

And now dear reader, we look in upon Miriam once again—the happy wife of Willis Moore. Two sweet children play at her feet—aunt Demsey sits in her easy chair and with Miriam watching the children at play. Willis Moore is a noted and successful lawyer, and never rues the day he met Miriam Neal.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY FEB. 12, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——"Miriam Neale," by J. Harrison Butts, is a pleasant little story, in this issue of the REPORTER, 2nd page.

——Last Friday, 6th, it snowed briskly all day and night.

——Our friend, Christ Hoffer, has leased a farm in Cumberland county, Virginia, and will go down shortly to commence work on it. Wm. Neff has bought a small farm in the same locality, and intends moving thither in a short time.

——Gov. Curtin and lady have gone to Florida, intending to remain there until April.

——The REPORTER comes handy in some quarters to cabbage locals from without credit.

——The snow of Friday and Saturday night, last week, measured 10 inches.

——The Rabersburg band has a fine new wagon—cost $400.

——The meeting of the directors of the L. C. & S. C. RR., which was held at Philadelphia, on Wednesday of last week, adjourned without transacting any business, on account of the absence of two directors, whose presence was prevented by sickness. The main object of the meeting was to decide upon the adoption of a route between Linden Hall and Penn's Furnace. Boalsburg had Mr. Sam'l Stover there to advocate the Boalsburg route, and Mr. John Thompson represented the Lemont route. We are informed that quite a warm time was had between the advocates of the rival routes, and the thermometer at Boalsburg has raised a little since Mr. Stover's return, who reported the situation rather favorable for their route, based upon the following data as contained in Chief Engineer Lauffer's estimates, relative to the cost and distances of the rival routes, viz:

Estimated cost,—Linden Hall, via Boalsburg and Rock Springs to Penn's Furnace $116,000

Linden Hall via Boalsburg, Pinegrove and Fairbrook to Penn's Furnace $133,600.

Linden Hall via Oak Hall, Lemont, Agricultural College and Shugarts Farm to Penn's Furnace $188,000.

Estimated cost of right-of-way, by Lemont to Penn's Furnace, $20,000.

Right of way by either of the other routes, to same point $2,000.

Boalsburg and Rock Spring route 1 mile and 400 feet shorter than any other route.

Fairbrook route 235 shorter than the Lemont route.

There will be another meeting of the directors as soon as a full board can be had in attendance.

Boalsburg feels trump now, and is happy. It would not rest until it won the prize. Inside two years it had a circus and Sunday school convention,—we thought that had satisfied it, and that it had concluded to let the railroad "flicker." Not so. It never slept. It kept wide awake, and the star of its only hope has again risen, and Lemont is where? Over at Mose Thompson's. One mile and 400 feet shorter! Is this really the sword that cuts the Gordian knot? Well, then, let Boalsburg rejoice—let it have a big feast, and invite all Centre Hall and the editor of the REPORTER and Lemont, and all other good railroad folks.

——The Fish Commissioners of Pennsylvania brought eighteen thousand young salmon to Milesburg last Wednesday, and put them into the Bald Eagle Creek where Spring Creek empties into that stream. Our informant (one of the party) tells us that they have been all over the State stocking the streams with fish, until they have very few young fish left, having on hand now but about twenty thousand Lake trout. We did not learn, however, when they expected to dispose of these. The stocking of our streams and Lakes, with valuable fish is a noble enterprise, and the money thus expended by the State it seems to us, could not be more profitably used. The salmon grow to a large size weighing from twelve to thirty pounds at three years of age.

So says the Tuten Republican, of 4th inst. We trust the Fish Commissioners will also stock Penns creek—it is a large and beautiful stream, which should not be overlooked.

——The tenement house of Henry Barnhart near Curtin's Iron Works, Boggs twp., took fire some day last week and was entirely consumed. The house was occupied by John Lyman. Through timely assistance the furniture was removed. We learn that the fire caught from a defective flue.—*Republican.*

——The reason why some folks save more money than others, is because they keep their eyes on Burnside & Thomas' price list, in the Reporter, who always advertise goods lower than others, hence those who buy of them are the ones that save money. See the prices.

——Rev. Leckie, we understand, intends closing the home-campmeeting, at Spruce town, and transfer his labors to Centre Hall, commencing a protracted meeting in the Ev. church, this week.

——January 23rd, last, was 55 years since the last man—Monks—was hung in Centre county.

——THE BLAST OF THE TRUMPET.—After listening to a sermon from T. De Witt Talmage, the Christian Intelligencer said: "Surely the great trumpet was blown in that sermon with no uncertain sound; and if any man has listened to its blast never heard one like it before, they heard it then, Christ's love, and sweetness, and power, with fullness and freeness, the Tabernacle preacher's style of preaching is natural and successful. The secret of his success evident. He is a faithful Gospel, sermons, his books, blood-earnestness." and still more in his Mr. Talmage's. The sermons and articles of The Christian are furnished now only to become editor at Work, of which he has charge for it. Mr Spurgeon also writes regularly for it and for no other journal in America. We suppose they stand ready to receive any number of letters from subscribers and wants. Sample copies free. Office 102 Chambers-street, N Y. See advertisement.

——The walking class of the people of Centre Hall, were highly favored last Saturday by the services of a few of the townboys. (John and David Boozer, John Harpster and Eugene Miller) who assumed the duty of shovelling the snow from the side-walks. We think their motive was sure a good one, for they remarked while busy at work—"How could the little ones get out to Sunday School, through this snow"—Would that Centre Hall were "full" of such noblehearted, compassionate youths. Go on boys, your end will be a good one. CITIZEN.

—Sale of real estate of A J Young, dec'd, Feb. 21.

—Sale of real estate of Nich. Decher, March 7th.

George Jordan's sale, Potter twp, farm stock, March 24.

—Sale of personal property of David Ertle, dec'd, in Gregg twp., 5th Feb.

—Sale of personal property of Mrs. Johanna Kurtz, at Aaronsburg, Saturday, March 14th, 1 o'clock.

—Sale of Mrs. Mary Armagast's farm stock Potter twp., Feb. 24. See advertisement.

Sale of Jas. I. Foster, farm stock and household, March 4th. See advertisement.

—Wm. Erhard's sale, near Centre Hall, farm stock, Feb. 26.

—Report of the Pine Grove Grammar School, for the month ending Feb. 3rd. No. of pupils enrolled 35. Average attendance 32. Per cent. of attendance 92. The names of those who have been present every day during the month are as follows: Edward Ward, Willie Hess, John Dannly, Jacob Everts, Calvin Eckle, William Wolf, William Hammer, Gertie Sample, Ellie and Lucinda Dannly and Sadie Heman. Those who have reached the highest grade in progress and conduct—the standard being 100—are Edward Ward 99, Gertrude Sample 98, Willie Hess 97½, John Dannly 96, Ellie Dannly 97. Besides the regular branches, Philosophy and Book-keeping are studied.

J. K. SHADMAN, teacher.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Commonwealth vs Joseph Wertz—charge—passing counterfit money. John Coble prosecutor. Defendant discharged.

Commonwealth vs William Fulty—charge—Fornication and bastardy. Susan Eyer prosecutor. Defendant bound over to April court in the sum of $500.

Commonwealth vs H. S. Morris, charge—Assault and battery with intent to kill. Harvey Hoy prosecutor. Defendant bound over to April term in the sum of $800.

Commonwealth vs John Ewing. Fornication and bastardy. Rachael E. Walker prosecutrix. Verdict for defendant and Rachel E. Walker to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs Edwin Lucas. Assault and battery Herbert Williams prosecutor. Verdict for defendant and Herbert Williams to pay costs and stand committed untill sentence is complied with.

Commonwealth vs Chas. Albright. Surety of Peace. Jacob Sankey prosecutor. Sentence of the court that each pay half the costs and enter into recognizance in the sum of $50 to keep the peace towards each other, and all good citizens for the period of five months.

Commonwealth vs Ferdinand Beezer—violation liquor law—James Rider prosecutor. 1st selling liquor without license. 2d on Sunday, 3d to minors, 4th, to men of intemperate habits, 5th, to men when drunk. Continued to April term.

Commonwealth vs John Beezer and Ferdinand Beezer—violation liquor law—Joshua Mitchell prosecutor. Defendants plead guilty to five counts. To pay costs and sentence held in abeyance to be pronounced if desendants found again to be violating the liquor law.

Commonwealth vs Wm. Brown—violation liquor law—John S. Barret prosecutor. Pleaded guilty to selling without license, to miners, to men of intemperate habits and to men when drunk. To pay costs and sentence held in abeyance to be pronounced if defendant found again to be violating the liquor law.

Commonwealth vs James Woods—Fornication and bastardy. Catharine J Farley prosecutrix. Defendant pleads guilty. Usual sentence.

Commonwealth vs Jacob Monasses—Violation liquor law—Joshua Mitchell prosecutor. Defendant pleads guilty to selling liquor without license, on Sunday and to men of intemperate habits.

Commonwealth vs Cyrus Wasson—Forcible entery and detainer—Wm Klinger, prosecutor. Verdict for defendant and prosecutor pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs Joseph Hawkins—Violation liquor law—Henry Von Rider, prosecutor. Defendant pleads guilty to selling liquor without license, to men of intemperate habits and to men when drunk.

Commonwealth vs Jacob Durst—Arson Daniel Durst, prosecutor. This case was continued from last term by reason of the jury being unable to agree on a verdict. The evidence adduced this trial was principally a rehersal of the evidence given at last term, except that the time was more definitely fixed at 4 o'clock in the morning. Additional evidence was brought forward to prove an alibi, but the defense was unsuccessful and a verdict of guilty rendered Sentence, one dollar and costs and one year and seven months in Western Penitentiary.

Commonwealth vs Wm. Mansur—Surety of Peace. Defendant was found to be insane, and ordered to be confined in the jail until otherwise ordered.—*Tuten Republican.*

Legislative.

The House, Feb. 7.—Mr. Orvis amended the act regulating taxes on private corporations, making it obligatory instead of discretionary on the Auditor General to report to the Governor such corporations who for three successive years failed to make the reports provided for in the bill.

Mr. Christy's bill relative to the number of jurors (12) in cases of partition, inquests, real estate levied on by the Sheriff, and in cases of lunacy or habitual drunkenness was recommitted to the general Judiciary Committee.

THE JUDICIAL SALARY BILL.

This bill was taken up again in Committee of the Whole, soon after the meeting of the House, after some discussion, the amendment offered by Mr. Ramey was rejected by ayes 38, nays 46.

The bill was then gone through with, and reported back to the House, where it passed first reading. It now stands in the following shape:

Section 1. Be it enacted, &c., That the annual salary of the Judges of the Supreme Court shall be as follows: The Chief Justice, nine thousand dollars. The salary of the Associate Justices, eight thousand dollars each. The salary of the Judges of the district courts and common pleas of the counties of Philadelphia and Allegheny, the sum of seven thousand dollars each. The salary of the President judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Dauphin county, the sum of six thousand dollars. The salary of the president and associate law Judges of the several Courts of Common Pleas of other counties of this Commonwealth, five thousand dollars each. The salaries of the several Judges of the Orphans' Courts of this Commonwealth, the sum of five thousand dollars each.

Sec. 2. The compensation of the associate judges, not learned in the law of the several Courts of common Pleas of this Commonwealth, for those whose attendance at court does not exceed four weeks per annum, the sum of three hundred dollars; for those whose attendance at court exceed four weeks and does not exceed six weeks four hundred dollars; for those whose attendance at court exceeds six weeks and does not exceed eight weeks five hundred dollars; for those whose attendance at court exceeds eight weeks and does not exceed ten weeks, six hundred dollars, and all those whose attendance at court exceeds ten weeks, seven hundred dollars.

Sec. 3. The several annual salaries hereinbefore mentioned, shall be paid quarterly by warrants drawn by the Governor on the Treasurer of the State, and shall be in lieu of all daily pay, mileage and other compensation, and all laws inconsistent herewith be and the same are hereby repealed.

TEMPERANCE.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Ripley, Ohio, January 6.—The ladies are determined in the temperance movement, and have persevered through the storm and slush all day. More liquor sellers have surrendered. Others are obstinate. L. Reinhart gave the ladies an invitation to come to-day and then shut them out in the storm, where they sang and prayed for these men, asking God not to shut mercy's door against them. Kunchel slammed the door angrily, and displayed a revolver. The ladies sang and prayed outside before leaving. Business houses were closed all day for prayer. The interest is intense. Saloon-keepers are all willing to be bought out. This is positively declined.

Under the superintendence of Rev. J H Patch, of Circleville, the ladies of this place have formed a missionary board for labor in temperance reform. There have been nearly one hundred women under the leadership of Mrs. Granville Moody. Mrs. McMillan and Mrs. Weeks who were hard at work all day. Under their prayers and tears, and the power of God, six liquor sellers have pledged themselves to abandon the business. There are still others who have thus far refused, but all are kind and respectful to the ladies. The public sympathy for the cause of the women is intense. The power of these women, with God on their side is wonderful. Men who, at first inclined to make sport of this movement have acknowledged their mistake in tears. All denominations have united heartily in this work. The men gather in prayer, while the ladies work. A tremendous mass meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church.

The Grangers.

ANNUAL SESSION AT ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, Mo., February 5.—The national grange of the Patrons of Husbandry held its seventh annual session yesterday. The master of national grangers informed the correspondent that there are between 11,000 and 12,000 organizations of the Patrons of Husbandry in the country, with a membership of 1,000,000. General commission houses have been established by the grangers at St. Louis, Chicago, Cairo, Memphis, New Orleans, San Francisco and Wheeling. The regular session was held with closed doors and the strictest secrecy was enjoined.

On yesterday the address of welcome was delivered by Worthy Master Allen, of the Missouri state grange, who reviewed the growth of the order in that state. Various committees were appointed and the master of the national grange delivered his annual address, detailing the progress and general workings of the order for the past year. After routine business the convention adjourned.

St. Louis, February 5.—Last night's session of the National grange of the patrons of husbandry was entirely taken up with a discussion as to the parliamentary rules for the government of subordinate granges, and it was decided by the state agents of the order now here to leave the question of co-operation entirely to the national grange, with a view to haying a constitutional provision made for it. This will defer the matter for another year, as amendments to the constitution must be ratified by two-thirds of the state granges before they take effect.

Bold and Successful Bank Robbery.

Titusville, February 2.—A special to the Courier, dated Conneautville, gives an account of a most daring and extensive robbery at that place last evening. While the Cashier of the First National Bank, D. D. Williams was writing at his desk, he heard a rap at a side door. Upon opening the door, two masked men sprang upon him, bound and gagged him, and succeeded in making their escape with fourteen thousand dollars currency and thirty thousand dollars United States bonds. Mr. Williams was found this morning in an unconscious state, but recovered his consciousness in a couple of hours after being released.

Selling Liquor to the Indians.

The secretary of the interior has submitted to the house of representatives a proposed amendment to the Indian intercourse act of 1835, designed to secure the Indians in any locality against the liquor traffic. It provides heavy penalties against any person, including Indians, who shall sell, exchange, give, barter or dispose of any spirituous liquor or wine to any Indian under the charge of any Indian superintendent or Indian agent or to any Indian not a citizen of the United States with in such jurisdiction.

General Harney, whose name exercised such a wholesome terror over the hostile Indians a score of years ago, but who has been retired from active service for the last ten or twelve years was before the house committee on military affairs to day and was asked to give his views in reference to Indian matters. He gave it as his opinion that if the Indians were treated fairly there would never be any difficulty with them. He had known but two instances in which they had ever violated treaty stipulations, and in these two instances the Indians were to be excused for the treaty had grown old before they were sought to be enforced by the government, and the chiefs and head men who had made them were all dead.

The troubles with the Indians were principally caused by fraudulent agents and by whisky dealers. He had never known an Indian agent who had not grown rich in office except one.

On being asked how the whisky dealers could be suppressed, he answered without hesitation that they should be hanged or shot by the nearest military officers to take that responsibility. He was decidedly of the opinion that the management of the Indians would be much more efficiently and honestly conducted by army officers than by civilians, unless the army officers had changed very much since he knew them.

Railroad Projects in Pennsylvania.

[Correspondence Philadelphia Press.]

Harrisburg, January 24.—The movements of the great rival railroad companies of the country are now conducted with all the precision, skill caution, and engineering ability which mark the handling of hostile armies confronting each other in the field to secure advantageous ground for battles or outlets for escape. At present the great object is to secure the vast carrying trade between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, to make the exchanges overland of the commerce, not only of all the ports of this continent, but of Asia and Europe. Only lately, in the neighborhood of Marysville, a few miles above Harrisburg, a party of workmen have been stealthily operating engaged in railroad construction, for what purpose no one seems to know, and even in what connection the best informed railroad men in this part of the State are unable to explain. The machinery and tools for several hundred workmen have been lately deposited at Marysville, and operations seem to be hurriedly pressed forward in a manner so mysterious and yet so prompt that even the people over whose land these parties are daily passing are at a loss to discover the authority for the proceedings. There is no doubt that a powerful Eastern combination is now busily at work to secure Western connection across Pennsylvania, which will greatly interfere with the outlets of New York to the West by way of the lakes, and that if the plans and operations now in existence and being actively pressed are successful they will change the railroad map of the country, depreciating and appreciating investments many millions of dollars in extent. These railroad connections are now secured by the sale of old acts of incorporation, which, when derived from the Legislature, were not deemed of any consequence, but which, now linked together, constitute a chain of communication over which avenues of travel and transportation will speedily be had that will start the business world with their magnitude rendering them monopolies against which no competition can stand. The question is, who is doing all this? No one seems to know, and yet there are those who believe that it is a portion of the programme arranged by that magician of railroad enterprise, Colonel Tom Scott, to hold the balance of trade between the two oceans as it passes over the continent.

Still another railroad project quietly and to a certain extent secretly working its way along, is one to secure an outlet from the anthracite coal regions, independent of that over the branches and lateral roads now controlled by the Reading Railroad Company. A charter or charters have long been in existence to construct such a road, but the over shadowing power of the Reading Railroad Company deterred them from making the venture. Now, however, this road is being constructed, and the fact that it is progressing had much to do with the lately precipitate settlement of the difficulties in the Schuylkill coal region. This new road will go in at a point called Colter's Gap, in Schuylkill County, from which it will run to Mahatonga Valley, on the northwest side of the Broad Mountain, by which it will avoid all the "planes" and "benches" now used at great expense in shifting trains by the Reading Railroad Company, to run up and down the Broad Top Mountain, and is making its connections with Shamokin, Sunbury, and the country lying contiguous or stretching far beyond. This road reaches the Susquehanna River without the construction of a plane or a tunnel, and will connect with the roads now controlled by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and thus at once secure an uninterrupted avenue to the Ohio River, the lakes and the Delaware River. Before the new road alluded to reaches Mahatonga it will pass through what is called Deer Creek Valley, from which it will pass to Ashland and then on through the coal-fields as before described to Sunbury. After crossing the Broad Top Mountain at Donaldson, avoiding the Minehill Gap road and all the planes of the Ashland road from Port Carbon, the transit to the Eastern seaboard will be clear, either by the Lehigh Valley or the Susquehanna Railroad. Many coal operators, sanguine of the complete success of the new road, have expressed themselves entirely indifferent as to being isolated at present by the exactions of the Reading Company, because they are sure the future will enable them to protect their own interests.

Science for Rum Drinkers—Effects of Alcohol on the Body.

Dr. Brunton, says the Scientific American remarked that the performance of the vital functions depended on oxidation of the tissues and Professor Binz's observation tant this was lessened by alcohol was the key to an explanation of its physiological effects. These may be nearly all explained on the supposition that the power of the nervous system is diminished, different parts of it becoming successively paralyzed. First the vasomotor nerves become affected and the blood nerves consequently dilated. After a glass or two of wine, the hands may be noticed to be of a very red color and plump, showing that arterial blood is flowing freely through the capillaries and at the same time the veins are dilated and full. All the vessels of the body, however, are not dilated at the same time. In some persons those of the stomach or intestines become dilated; and the blood being thus abstracted from the head, the brain becomes anæmic, and the individual dull and sleepy. In others the arteries of the head become dilated first, and in consequence the brain receives a full supply of blood, and the intellect becomes more vigorous. If this stage is not passed, the functions return to their normal condition, and no harm ensues; but if more alcohol is taken, the paralysis extends to other parts of the nervous system. Sometimes the cerebral lobes, which are the organs of the mental faculties, are first affected, and sometimes the center, for co-ordinated movements usually supposed to be the cerebellum, or, as it is often expressed, "one man gets drunk in his head, another in his legs." When the head is affected, the judgment becomes impaired, though memory and imagination may still be more active than usual. These faculties next fail, and the emotions become hilarious, pugnacious, or lachrymose. The spinal cord is generally unaffected even when the cerebellum is paralyzed; and a man who is utterly unable to walk can still ride, the mere pressure of the saddle upon his thighs being sufficient to cause reflex contraction of his adductor muscles and fix him firmly on his seat, although the upper part of his body may be swaying about like a sack of wheat. The cord itself next becomes paralyzed, and lastly the *medulla oblongata*, which regulates the respiratory movements.

Crop Reports.

Cincinnati, February 1.—The National Crop Reporter contains today estimates in relation to the percentage of the last crop of coin remaining in the hands of producers on January 15, and estimates of the number of stock hogs in the hands of feeders at the same date, in comparison with the quantity and number on hand at the corresponding date of 1873. In relation to corn the States of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Ohio, and Wisconsin, which produced in 1873 upwards of 382,000,000 bushels, the average amount on hand at the date named is estimated at a fraction less than 50 per cent, on an approximate quantity of 190,000,000 bushels. The average consumption was very uniform in all the States being highest in Wisconsin, where it was 60 per cent. The unusually mild weather in all localities has aided largely in keeping down the home consumption and the condition of the stock generally is better than was anticipated a month earlier. The estimates upon stock hogs are for the same States named above and indicate an average falling off of 21 per cent from the number on hand last year. The condition of the same is considerably below the average, the high prices paid by packers and the scarcity of corn having caused an outflow of the marketable hogs and a stinting of the supply of food to those remaining.

The outlook is very slim for hogs for summer packing. A comparison of average prices in the states named on December 1, 1873, and January 15, 1874, shows a decided advance, although the indications are that the maximum has been about reached.

Washington, February 3.—The proposed modification of the Bankrupt law was under discussion in most of to-day's session of the Senate, and will be considered till disposed of. It is already evident that the Senate intends to support the conclusions of the Judiciary Committee and not go as far for a repeal as the House voted in December last. The involuntary feature of the law is to be liberally changed, requiring two-thirds of the creditors to force bankruptcy. The proposed amendments are claimed as more just to the debtor and creditor classes, and as calculated to serve the business interests of the people more equitably than an unconditional repeal of the law. The debate on the bill will doubtless last several days.

Robert, Called Upon To Show Up.

Representative Orvis, continually on the alert to serve the best interests of his constituents and the State, has called up and passed the House his resolution calling upon State Treasurer Mackey to state how much money there is in the Treasury, where deposited and how secured. We have been demanding the same thing for months, but Mr. Mackey has shown no disposition to comply, and when application was made by citizens at the department at Harrisburg, which the law gives them the right to do, the information was refused them. We are pleased, however to find now that there is a probability that the Treasurer will be compelled to give the desired information. If everything is right he need have no fears and there will be no occasion for him to "make it hot" for any one. Let the people have the facts.—*Pittsburg Post.*

DARING ROBBERY OF A RAILWAY TRAIN.

St. Louis, January 31.—A most daring and successful robbery was committed this evening on the Iron Mountain railroad. As the train which left here at 9:45 this morning came in sight of Gadshill station, a hundred and twenty miles below here, at 4:30 p. m., it was signalled to stop. The switch was turned and the train ran on the side track. As train was stopped, Conductor Alford stepped off to ascertain what was the matter when he was confronted by a man in mask, a pistol placed to his head when he was marched off under guard. The engineer, fireman, mail agent, express messenger and other train men were then seized by five masked heavily armed men and also placed under guard. The robbers then went through the entire train and took from the passengers about two thousand dollars in cash and a large amount of jewelry, and from the Adams express messenger, over thousand dollars, and rifled the mail. The robbers then left in a southerly direction, and after the release of the train the men of the train started southward.

Note Left by the Desperadoes.

The robbers left a note on board the train of which the following is a copy. The original is now in possession of Conductor Alford. "The most daring robbery on record. The South bound train on the Iron Mountain railroad was robbed of $——. The robbers arrived at the station a few minutes before the arrival of the train and arrested the agent, put him under guard. Then threw the train on the switch. The robbers were all large men, none of them under six feet. They were all masked and started in a southerly direction. After they had robbed the train, all mounted on five blooded horses. There is great excitement in this part of the country.

(signed) IRA A. MURRILL.

The robbers offered no violence to any one on the train, and did no harm to the train men.

FROM THE OLD WORLD.

Declination to Participate in the Centennial Exhibition.

London, February 3.—An official dispatch from St. Petersburg to the Daily News, of this city, states that Russia declines to send articles to the centennial celebration, to be held at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1776, on the ground that the exhibition is a private and not a national one.

Fatal Casualty.

An accident attended with fatal results occurred at Bury, Lancaster, yesterday at a liberal election meeting. The floor gave way and a number of people were precipitated to the ground below. Six persons were killed and many injured.

A Bishop Arrested

Frankfort, February 3.—The police have arrested the rich bishop Ledowchowski, and he has been committed to prison in this city.

[Second Dispatch.]

Berlin, February 3.—Archbishop Ledowchowiski, who was arrested yesterday, has been sent to Ostrows, in the province of Posen, where he will be imprisoned, in accordance with the sentence of the court.

Threatened Bombardment of Bilboa.

Madrid, February 3.—The Carlists threaten to open the bombardment of Bilboa to-day. The city has two months' provisions. General Morine is receiving reinforcements and will advance to its relief.

Repairing the Work of the Commune.

Paris, February 3.—The budget committee have voted to recommend an appropriation of $600,000 for repairing the damage done during the last days of the commune to the public buildings in Paris, including the Tuilleries and Palace Royal.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Fire in Evansville, Ind.—Several Persons Burned to Death.

Evansville, Ind., February 5.—At three o'clock this morning a fire was discovered issuing from the grocery of Christian Mehr, at the corner of Hillabach avenue and John street, and in a few minutes the building was enveloped in flames. The inmates of the house were Mehr, his wife and children, his father-in-law and a barkeeper named George. Of these only the father-in-law and two children escaped from the flames. Mehr's father-in-law says he was awakened by the smoke and heard Christian calling the barkeeper, who could not get awakened. Mrs. Mehr he said, had rushed out of the house with two children whom she dropped and returned to the house, but never came forth again.

As soon as possible search was made for the bodies and all the missing ones were found. Mehr had the youngest child clasped tightly in his arms, and the remains of both were charred, as were the others.

SHOT DEAD AT A DANCE.

Nashville, Tenn., February 1.—Last Friday night, at a dance in the Sixth District of Davidson County, Joseph Briley, aged seventeen, was shot dead while on the floor with his partner, by Robert Bates. The quarrel grew out of rival claims to a young lady for the dance. The parties left the decision to the lady. She took Briley, and Bates was so enraged that he shot him. Bates escaped.

DEATH OF BARON ROTHSCHILD.

London, February 6.—Baron Mayer de Rothschild died to-day.

MILLHEIM FRAGMENTS.

Mr. EDITOR:—Did you ever hear of Millheim? I suppose you did, else I would give you a full description of it, its geographical position, its population, its literary, benevolent, and scientific institutions, &c. Assuming then, that your readers have a fair knowledge of us, by reputation at least, you must content yourself with a few fragments of current events. Here we go.

Dr. Mingle is rather glad than otherwise, that his female horse smashed his buggy. He says he had intended anyhow to get new patent wheels.

Jim Coburn, still survives the late broadside of the Berichter man. How provoking. Hit'm again, George, he can stand it if you can.

What is the penalty under the new Constitution, for whistling? Is it to have your "darned head knocked off with a cudgel?" This is the civil punishment offered, the other day. What is the criminal?

The parties before court lately, behave admirably since their arrival. We could have told them all Judge Bucher did, and much cheaper too, but then there is nothing like having things done according to law. More anon.

UNCLE JOHN.

New York, January 28.—Late information from Havana, received here by Cubans, states that the patriot army, under General Gomez, now numbering over four thousand men, has advanced upon Trochs, held by a small Spanish force in Trenidad valley and Cincovillas, and destroyed a number of plantations, with sugar and machinery, to the value of from six to seven millions of dollars. The patriots also freed ten thousand negroes, and between three and four thousand coolies. Many of these are now joining the patriot army. The patriots now threaten Santiago de Cuba, Manzanillo and other large cities, and are confident of ultimate success.

DEATHS.

On 10th, at Bellefonte, Edward, son of Jared Harper, aged 12 years.

On 7th, at Hamburg, Mrs. Anna McCaleb, aged 56 years and 2 months. The deceased was formerly of Pennsvalley and sister of Henry Garber Esq., of Potter township.

On 8th, at Watsontown, of palsy, Cyrus Sankey, aged about 40 years. The deceased was formerly of Millheim.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White wheat $1 50, Red 145....Rye..... 70.....Corn 50 ....Oats 35.....Barley 80. 70.....Cloverseed 4,60.....Potatoes 50 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 30.....Eggs 30. .....Plaster perton $15 Tallow 8.....Bacon 30.....Ham 15. Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buckwheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail $,50... wholesale 7,25 to 7,50

MILROY MARKETS

Corrected by John M'Dowel. Grain Merchant.

White wheat 1,50....Red wheat 1 45....Rye 60.....Corn 50.....Oats 35.....Barley 80..... Cloverseed 4,00.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 25 per sack.....

Bacon 7c.....Ham 15.....Butter 27... Eggs 20.....Plaster 9 50

Chestnut Coal per Ton $5.75.....Stove Coal per Ton $6.50.....Egg Coal per Ton $6.50.....Limeburner's Coal per Ton $3.50

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE. By virtue of the last will & testament of Nicholas Deckard, late of Potter township, dec'd, there will be sold by public out-cry, on the premises, in Potter township, on SATURDAY, MARCH 7th, 1874 at 1 o'clock. Two tracts of timber land. No. 1 bounded by lands of Henry Brokerhoff, John Zettle, John D Deckard, and containing about 45 ACRES. The improvements are a SMALL HOUSE & STABLE, about 4 acres cleared and under cultivation. The balance well timbered with pine, oak, and chestnut.

No. 2. A tract of land situated on Sand Mountain, bounded by other land of said estate, by land of Frederick Arnold, Princes' Heirs, and John D Deckard, containing 147 ACRES, neat measure. The last described tract is well timbered with pine, rockoak and chestnut. TERMS OF SALE: 10 percent of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, one half of the remainder on the delivery of the deed, on or before the 10th of April, and the balance in one year after with interest to be secured by bond and mortgage. 12jan .THOMAS B. M'ELROY, Ex'r

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Wm Venade, of Potter twp, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.

JOHN P. RUNKLE, Administrator.

feb 12-6t.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold, on the Farm of Peter Hoffer, NEAR CENTRE HALL, on Thursday, FEBRUARY, 26th, the following property: Five head of Horses, one Mare with Foal, 2 Cows, 7 head Young Cattle, 1 short horn Bull, 2 plantation wagons, 1 shifting top buggy, one Sled, Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, shovel Ploughs, corn scraper doubletrees, singletrees, threshing, machine, horsepower and shaker, 2 hay elevators with rope and pulleys, 1 set haybladders, horsegears, crupers, bridebands, plough gears, collars, bridles, dyrnets and other farming implements too numerous to mention. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, when terms will be made known by

WM. ERHARD.

PUBLIC SALE. Will be sold at Public Sale, at the residence of the undersigned at Aaronsburg, SATURDAY, MAR. 14th, at 1 o'clock: Large Dining and other Tables, Cupboard, Mahogany and other Chairs, a lot of good Carpet, a variety of Books, large Map of U. S., one good Clock, Lockinggiass, Coal Stove, Grassware, fine Teasett, and all kinds of kitchen Furniture Spinning wheel, Tubs, Barrels, grain Bags, Woodsaw, Axe, Iron Vessels, kegs of Spath, and many other articles.

JOHANNA KURTZ.

PUBLIC SALE. Will be sold at Public Sale, at the residence of the undersigned, 1 mile south west of Potters Mills, on TUESDAY, FEB. 24th, at 10 o'clock, 4 Work Horses, 3 Cows, a lot of young Cattle, and Hogs, 1 Buckeye and one Buckeye, Jr. Reaper, Threshing Machine, Shaker and Horse Power, two 2-Horse Wagons, 1 Sleigh, Hayrake, 2 Horse Sled, Cornplanter, Cornscraper, Hayfork with Rope and Pulley, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Field Roller, Horsegears and Harness of every description, Windmill, Forks, 2 sets Haybladders, Rake, Hay by the Ton and many other articles.

MARY ARMAGAST.

PUBLIC SALE. The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, near Spring Mills, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4th at 10 o'clock: 4 Head of Horses, 2 being mares with foal, one 2 year old Colt, 6 good milk Cows, 6 head of young Cattle, 1 breeding Sow, 8 Shoats, 1 Buckeye Reaper, Threshing Machine with Power and Shaker, one new 2 Horse Wagon, 1 broad wheel plantation Wagon, 1 spring Wagon, 1 Carriage with pole and shafts, 1 Buggy, 2 Sleighs one new sled, bogsleds, 1 sumdrill, 1 Fanning Mill, 1 Hayrake, Haybladders, 3 Patent Hayforks, different kinds with ropes and pulley, 1 Cornshaller, Cornplanter, Cornscraper, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators Reaper, Grindstone, and other farming implements, 1 Chopper Machine with four knives and balance wheel, 1 Copper Kettle, Iron Kettles, 1 Cook Stove, Parlor Stove, 1 ten plate Stove, 1 Gasburner Coal Stove, a large stock of FURNITURE. Bed room Setts, Tables, Chairs, large dinner Bell and many other articles.

JAS. I. FORSTER.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale his valuable Farm, situate in Harris twp., Centre county, near Linden Hall, and about 4 mile from the L. C. & S. C. RR., containing 91 ACRES OF CLOSE FARMING LAND, of which about 20 Acres are fine WOODLAND. The farm is under good fences and in a high state of cultivation. Thereon are erected a very large BRICK HOUSE, good BANK BARN, and all other necessary Outbuildings. The water is piped to the house and barn. There is also a large and thriving ORCHARD, with all kinds of choice fruit, upon the place. Taken altogether this is one of the most desirable farms now offered for sale in this valley. Purchasers can buy this property at a great bargain, if application is made on or before April 1st 1874. For further particulars, address.

WM D. ROSS, Shavers Creek, Huntingdon Co., Pa., or John or Jas. Ross, Linden Hall, Pa. jan29 2m

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office with Bush & Yocum. Consultation in English and German. Collections promptly attended to. feb6-tf

NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Lucy Working, late of Houtzdale, Clearfield county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them legally authenticated, without delay, for settlement.

S. S. WOLF, feb5-6t Centre Hall, Centre Co. Pa.

W. J. M'MANIGAL.

Wholesale & Retail

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

HARDWARE,

MILROY & MILLHEIM, PA.

LARGE STOCK OF NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED, AT PANIC PRICES. LAMPS & LANTERNS, MEAT CUTTERS & STUFFERS, BUTCHER KNIVES &c.

POCKET & TABLE CUTLERY—in large varieties and every thing generally kept in HARDWARE STORES. My Stock at this time is heavy, and will offer inducements to cash or short credit buyers. nov 27. 3m.

Keystone Store.

FOR FARMERS AND ALL OTHERS

Go to

H. YEARICK & SON,

FOR FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.

CLOTHING, OIL CLOTHS,

QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES. PROVISIONS, FLOUR, &c.

No. 6 Bush's Arcade, Bellefonte, Pa

All kinds of country produce taken. Best Bargains in town to be had. nov20tf

Stoves! Fire! Stov's!

At Andy Reesman's, Centre Hall, are latest and best stoves out, he has just received a large lot of

Cook Stoves, the Pioneer Cook, the Eclipse Cook, the Reliance Cook.

PARLORS—The Radiant Light, self-feeder, Gas Burner, National Egg, Jewell, &c.

He sells stoves as LOW as anywhere in Mifflin or Centre co.

TIN AND SHEETIRON WARE

The undersigned hereby infoms the citizens of Pennsvalley that he has purchased the Tinshop heretofore carried on by the C. H. Mf'g Co., and will continue the same, at the old stand, in all its branches, in the manufacture of

STOVE PIPE & SPOUTING.

All kinds of repairing done. He has always on hand

Fruit Cans, of all Sizes, BUCKETS, CUPS, DIPPERS, DISHES, &C.

All work warranted and charges reasonable. A share of the public patronage solicited

Farm, Garden and Household

Will Farming Pay?

A. W. B., Rome, Ga., writes: "I have noticed several articles in your paper under the above heading, discussing this question in various shapes, and yet, to my mind, (and no doubt to other minds,) without arriving at anything definite. Mr. A. will cite an instance, showing the profit of an operation, and declaring from that result that it will pay; while Mr. B. will detail, perhaps, a single disaster, and stoutly affirm that it will not pay. This is no way to judge of a matter of this kind, and has no direct connection with a true verdict. Ask a manufacturing company or an individual if their business will pay, and they could point to you cases of great success, and also to those of dire disaster, in each and all branches of manufactures. The same of commercial business—in fact of all business transactions whatever. In the first place a man must have brains to know a few indispensable things before he can make any business pay. He must know that one swallow does not make a summer; that there are many extraordinary incidents to which we are subject that will occasionally defeat the best laid plans and operations, and also that like produces like. In support of the foregoing proposition, let me illustrate: I have two neighbors. Neighbor C., as I will call him, is the most unfortunate of mortals—bad luck is chasing him up continually; before or just at the time he is ready to plant a great storm thwarts his purpose, having waited a full week to see if the weather was going to hold good. Then, as his crop last year was miserable, his seed is poor, and, being in that plight himself, he can't get any better, and so uses that. Then when his poor crop gets in the right state, as luck will have it, in comes a drove of hogs, or other stock, and half devours what there is; and so it goes. His life is, to all intents, a great fret, and nothing else. He does not possess the proper requisites, industry, system, economy, and care. Of course, his business won't pay. But here is neighbor E.; he runs a small farm, and has grown the same kind of corn for a long time, and by carefully selecting and cultivating the same has increased the product, gradually, from twenty bushels an acre to over one hundred, which was produced last year, and the crop is two weeks earlier than formerly. His granary is well filled, stock fat and sleek; is now furnishing his corn for seed to all parts of the State at $5 per bushel. These two farms are identically the same, as regards soil and fertility, and the proper way to answer this question when it is asked by any one who thinks of pursuing the business, is to weigh the man and analyze him. If he has solidity in the upper tier, and the requisite traits in addition, he will succeed, no matter whether he ever set foot upon a farm or not. Having a good foundation, all the other requisites needed are at hand; wanting that, failure is inevitable."

The Coming Cow.

This cow, according to an editorial in a recent number of the Vermont *Farmer*, is to be known as the Vermont cow. How this is to be brought about, and the present annual average product of 200 pounds of butter per cow to be increased to 250 or 300 pounds, is set forth in the following extract:

"Not entirely, not mainly in our opinion by the introduction of any foreign breeds, no matter how good dairy animals they may be in their own countries. We may make use of any or all of these breeds to begin with, and quite often with profit, but unless we follow, in our practice of breeding and rearing, the same system of principles that produce those breeds from common stock no better than our own, all amendment by reason of such crosses will be but temporary and little value. When the dairy cow of Vermont is brought to perfection, she will not be Devon nor Durham, Dutch nor Jersey—she will be the Vermont cow; a combined product of Vermont pastures, Vermont climate, and Vermont breeding. Set that down for a fact to begin with, and make it the starting point of all your work, if you would succeed in augmenting the yield of your dairy. As our friend Douglas has so often urged in reference to making butter, "like cause produces like effects;" and it is only by learning and putting in operation the causes that have produced milking breeds in other countries that the capabilities of our cows in that direction can be developed and maintained.

"Now, what are those causes? They are—first, a constant abundance of rich, sweet, and succulent food; second, warm yet well ventilated stables, with protection at all seasons of the year from inclement weather; third, intelligent selection of both sire and dam in breeding, with a view to the production of a definite desired result; fourth, the best possible care of the calves and heifers; fifth, a constant weeding of the herd, and the exclusion of all marked deviations from the desired type; sixth, a refusal to sell the best animals of the herd at any price.

"All this must be preceded by a full understanding of the true type of a dairy cow—an ideal toward which we must work. We must give up the notion that Ayrshire, Jersey, Yorkshire, or Holland is to give us our dairy cow. That cow has got to be produced here in Vermont, as the Vermont merino sheep was produced—by Vermont intelligence, skill, and perseverance."

Scraping Fruit Trees.

We consider early winter to be the best time for scraping and washing the trunks of trees. It is well known to all observing fruit growers that the loose bark of trees is the winter quarters of myriads of insects, where they securely remain until the ensuing spring, when the warm, genial weather invites them to quit their cozy homes and begin their destructive operations for the season. We have found a narrow saw, rather fine-toothed, to be an excellent tool in rasping off the superfluous bark. It accomplishes it more uniformly than a hoe, trowel, or other scraper; a trowel, or a short-handled hoe, however, is very good when the other may not be possessed. After the bark is removed, the trunks should be washed thoroughly with a preparation of whale oil soap and water, say in proportion of a pound of soap to four gallons of water. It can be applied to large trees with a hickory broom or a stiff whitewash brush, and to small trees, especially dwarfs, with the hard scrub brush. Sickly trees, which can at this season be easily detected by being covered with a species of fungi, or perhaps more properly a peculiar insectivorous deposit—should be scrubbed so as to completely remove this. The mixture will of itself benefit the tree, while the removal from the stem of all extraneous and injurious substances will give to it new health and vigor the ensuing season—in some instances to a surprising extent. When whale oil soap is not obtainable, or carbolic or soft soap, ley should be used, but it should not be very strong, or it might be injurious to the roots of the tree if applied plentifully and the tree small.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

How to Burn Oyster-Shells.

Oyster-shells may be burned in a pit similar to that in which charcoal is burned. The shells should be piled in a heap with layers of wood chips, brushwood, and small cordwood intermingled. A layer of dry wood split fine should be placed at the bottom of the heap, arranged so that a draft is made to the centre of the heap, in which are a few sticks of wood placed on end to form a chimney. The heap should be covered with sods or coarse litter and then with earth, leaving a few holes for air until it is well kindled. Then the holes should be closed up almost entirely.

His Will.

An old farmer once said: "When I die, I am going to leave behind me, as a heritage for my children, the home where they were born, made as beautiful as my means and uneducated taste would allow; pleasant memories of home fireside and of the sunny summer days, and a true regard for the dignity and worthiness of the calling which their father followed." It is a capital legacy.

If You Want a Kiss, Take It.

There's a jolly Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this,
That a man is half in Heaven
When he has a womans kiss;
But there's danger in delaying—
And the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss;
There's a royal way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it
Have a motto that is winning—
If you want a kiss, why take it!

Any fool may face a cannon
Anybody wear a crown,
But a man must win a woman,
If he'd have her for his own;
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why take it.

Who would burn upon a desert,
With a forest smiling by?
Who would give his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh! I tell you there is magic,
And you cannot, cannot break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss, and take it.

TRIED AND TRUE.

It was the Carnival season in Paris; and Colonel Eugene Merville, an attache of the great Napoleon's staff, who had won his way to distinction with his own sabre, found himself at the masked ball in the French opera house. Better adapted in his tastes to the field than the boudoir, he flirts but little with the gay figures that cover the floor and joins but seldom in the waltz. But at last, while standing thoughtfully and regarding the assembled throng with a vacant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a person in a white domino, the universal elegance of whose figure, manner, and bearing convinced all that her face and mind must be equal to her person in grace and loveliness.

Though in so mixed an assembly, still there was a reserve and dignity in the manner of the white domino that rather repulsed the idea of a familiar address, and it was sometime before the young soldier had the courage to speak to her.

Some alarm being given, there was a violent rush of the throng towards the door; where, unless assisted, the lady would have materially suffered. Eugene Merville offers his arm, and with his broad shoulders and stout frame wards off the danger. It was a delightful moment; the lady spoke the purest French, was witty, fanciful, and captivating.

"Ah! lady, pray raise that mask, and reveal to me the charms of feature that must accompany so sweet a voice and so graceful a form as you possess."

"You would, perhaps, be disappointed."

"No, I am sure not."

"Are you so very confident?"

"Yes. I feel that you are beautiful—it cannot be otherwise."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the domino. "Have you never heard of the Irish poet Moore's story of the veiled prophet of Khorasan—how, when he had disclosed his countenance, its hideous aspect killed his beloved one. How do you know but that I shall turn out a veiled prophet of Khorasan?"

"Ah, lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary," replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart had begun to feel as it never felt before; he was in love.

She eludes his efforts at discovery; but permits him to hand her to the carriage, which drives off in the darkness, and though he throws himself upon his swiftest horse, he is unable to overtake her.

The young French colonel becomes moody; he has lost his heart, and knows not what to do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns his former place of amusement, avoids his military companions, and; in short, is miserable as a lover can well be thus disappointed. One night, just after he had left his hotel on foot, a figure muffled up to the very ears, stopped him.

"Well, monsieur, what would you with me?" asked the soldier.

"You would know the name of the white domino?" was the reply.

"I would, indeed," replied the officer hastily. "How can it be done?"

"Follow me."

"To the end of the earth, if you will bring me to her."

"But you must be blindfolded."

"Very well."

"Step into this vehicle."

"I am at your command."

And away rattled the youthful soldier with his strange companion. "This may be a trick," reasoned Eugene Merville, "but I have no fear of personal violence. I am armed with this trusty sabre, and can take care of myself. But there was no cause for fear since he soon found the vehicle stop; and he was led, blindfolded into the house. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in a richly-furnished boudoir, and before him stood the white domino just as he met her at the masked ball. To fall upon his knees and tell her how much he thought of her since their separation, that his thoughts had never left her, that he loved her devotedly, was as natural as to breathe, and he did so gallantly and sincerely."

"Shall I believe all you say?"

"Lady, let me prove it by any test you may put upon me."

"Know, then, that the feelings you avow are mutual. Nay, unloose your arm from my waist. I have something more to say."

"Talk on forever, lady! Your voice is music to my heart and ears."

"Would you marry me, knowing no more of me than you now do?"

"Yes, if you were to go to the very altar masked!" he replied.

"Then I will test you."

"How, lady?"

"For one year be faithful to the love you have professed, and I will be yours—as truly as heaven shall spare my life."

"Oh, cruel suspense!"

"You demur?"

"Nay, lady, I shall fulfill your injunctions as I promised."

"If at the expiration of a year you do not hear from me, then the contract shall be null and void. Take this half ring," she continued, "and when I supply the broken portion I will be yours."

He kissed the little emblem, swore again and again to be faithful, and pressing her hand to his lips bade her adieu.

He was conducted away as mysteriously as he had been brought thither; nor could he by any possible means discover where he had been, his companions rejecting all bribes, and even refusing to answer the simplest questions.

Months roll on. Colonel Merville is true to his vow, and happy in the anticipation of love. Suddenly he was ordered on an embassy to Vienna, the gayest of all the European capitals, about the time that Napoleon was planning to marry the Archduchess Maria Louisa. The young Colonel is handsome, manly, and already distinguished in arms, and becomes at once a great favorite at court, every effort being made by the women to captivate him, but in vain; he is constant and true to his vow.

But his heart is not made of stone; the very fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white domino had doubtless made him more susceptible than before.

At last he met the young Baroness Caroline Von Waldroff, and in spite of his vows she captivates him, and he secretly curses the engagement he had so blindly made at Paris. She seems to wonder at what she believes to be his devotion—and yet the distance he maintains! The truth was that his sense of honor was so great that, though he felt he loved the young baroness, and even she returned his affection, still he had given his word, and that was sacred.

The satin domino is no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form in his imagination, and becomes, in place of his good angel, the evil genius.

Well, time rolls on; he is to run in a few days—it is once more the carnival season; and in Vienna, too, that gay city. He joins in the festivities of the masked ball, and wonder fills his brain, when, about the middle of the evening, the white domino steals before him in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the French Opera House in Paris. Was it not a fancy?

"I come, Colonel Eugene Merville, to hold you to your promise," she said, laying her hand lightly upon his arm.

"Is this a reality or a dream?" asked the amazed soldier.

"Come, follow me, and you shall see that it is a reality," continued the mask, pleasantly.

"I will."

"Have you been faithful to your promise?" asked the domino, as they retired into a saloon.

"Most truly in act; but, alas, I fear not in heart."

"Indeed."

"It is too true, lady, that I have seen and loved another; though my vow to you has kept me from saying so to her."

"And who is it that you love?"

"I will be frank with you, and you will keep my secret."

"Most religiously."

"It is the Baroness Von Waldroff," he said, with a sigh.

"And you really love her?"

"Alas! only too dearly," said the soldier, sadly.

"Nevertheless I must hold you to your promise. Here is the other half of the ring; can you produce its mate?"

"Here it is," said Eugene Merville.

"Then I, too, keep my promise," said the domino, raising her mask, and showing to his astonished view the face of the Baroness Von Waldroff.

She had seen and loved him for his manly spirit and character, and having found by inquiry that he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue, and had tested him, and now gave him her wealth, title, and everything.

They were married with great pomp, and accompanied the archduchess to Paris. Napoleon, to crown the happiness of his favorite, made him at once a general of division.

The Latest Western Tragedy.

The tragic ending of a long feud between two leading citizens of Anderson, Ind., was briefly narrated by telegraph. In spite of the "leading" character of the actors in the affair, the details of the quarrel and its results reveal a depressing amount of rather commonplace rascality.

The story begins with the rivalry of Col. Thomas N. Stilwell and John E. Corwin for the social leadership of a town of some 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants. This may seem a petty enough contest, but it was prosecuted with as much intensity as if half the nation had been on-lookers. Col. Stilwell, moreover, was a man of mark beyond the limits of Anderson. He raised and commanded a regiment of Indiana Volunteers during the war, he was a member of the Thirty-ninth Congress, and in 1867 President Johnson appointed him Minister to Venezuela, a post which, without Senatorial confirmation, he filled for a year.

About the period of his return from South America, Col. Stilwell found John E. Corwin, a native of Binghamton, N. Y., married to the daughter of one of Anderson's wealthiest citizens, and possessed with the ambition of supplanting him in the "social, political, and commercial" leadership of that community. Stilwell succeeded his father as President of the First National Bank of Anderson. He was a free liver, a popular fellow among a large class of the general public, and very loose in his dealings with his depositors. Corwin's father-in-law had been one of the latter, and the bank was accustomed to assist him in evading taxes on his deposits by certifying at stated periods that it held his money in bonds of the United States instead of greenbacks.

On the death of the wealthy citizen for whose benefit this fraud had been annually perpetrated, his son-in-law came into possession of one of the certificates for $14,000 of 7-30 bonds, alleged by the bank to have been actually represented by greenbacks which had long before been drawn upon. Corwin, however, refused to accept this explanation, and entered suit against the bank for the recovery of the money. The case was about to be brought to trial when, owing to a run on the bank during the late panic, it was forced to suspend.

According to a statement furnished to the Controller of the Currency in September, the assets of the bank were stated at $223,000. According to the statement of the Receiver, two months later, the assets were some $60,000 less than in September. Thereupon ensued much indignation on the part of the depositors, allegations of fraud against Stilwell, and an indictment by the Grand Jury, charging him with the embezzlement of some $150,000 of the bank funds. Of late years Stilwell has been unsuccessful in most of his enterprises. When it is added that he took to drinking a great deal, the question of his ultimate ruin became obviously a mere matter of time. Smarting under the consciousness of repeated failure, he found a convenient explanation of his misfortunes in the hostility of Corwin. At length when indictment followed bankruptcy, his rage against his rival assumed the character of a monomania. One afternoon, after some talk about his misfortunes, Stilwell started from his home, was seen in crossing the street to place his revolver in his overcoat pocket, and immediately after to enter the office of Corwin. The parley there was brief enough. Stilwell raised his pistol to shoot; Corwin, who is a much more powerful man, succeeded in grasping his arm, and directed the pistol of his adversary downward, where its shot was intercepted by a bundle of keys in his pocket. Then Corwin seized his assailant by the collar of his coat, turned him round till the back of his head was in line with the pistol he had in his right hand, and, with apparent deliberation, shot him twice through the brain.

Thus has Col. Stilwell, in the middle of a life that might have been a just and honored one, died the death of a rabid cur, and thus has his rival brought himself before the bar of justice to be tried on the issue of whether his act can be justified on grounds of self-defense, or whether it was deliberate murder. The story carries with it a very obvious moral.

A Hit.

Mrs. Fawcett, wife of Professor Fawcett, recently delivered a lecture in London on "Women as Educators." In the course of her remarks she alluded to the habit of summing up the value of woman by her looks and dress, and asked, "What would be thought if the same treatment were accorded to a gentleman, and a newspaper paragraph running thus described his appearance on the platform? 'Mr. Jones next proceeded to expound his views on public matters to the electors. He was quietly but richly dressed in a coat of dark blue cloth, with trousers of a lighter color. He is about the middle height. It may interest our readers to learn that his hair is raven black, and that he wears a beard and mustache. His voice is clear and musical, and although he spoke with considerable self-possession and fluency, there is nothing unmasculine in his appearance.'"

DAMAGING FLOOD.—Buffalo has generally escaped serious damage through floods on the breaking up of the ice; but this season she has not been so fortunate. The flood in Buffalo River has caused a loss reported at nearly a million of dollars. Some of the finest elevators have suffered much damage, and vessels which have been carried down the stream are all more or less injured.

Telegraphy.

The annual report of the Western Union Telegraph Company for the year ending June 30th, 1873, which was published during the early part of the late panic, attracted less attention than it would otherwise have received, less than its importance demanded. Although this company is a private corporation, managed and controlled by a few large stockholders solely as a money-making affair, yet there are few matters entrusted to the General Government of greater general interest. There is necessarily entrusted to it the most important correspondence, both mercantile and financial. A large banking business is transacted by its bureau for the transfer of money.

Prices in all the principal marts of the country for all articles of merchandise are regulated by the daily reports from its commercial bureau. In connection with the Associated Press, it collects, collates, and furnishes to the daily papers all over the country their telegraphic dispatches, the most important news they publish, the first and often the only part of the paper read. It has become the educator of the people, and its influence is daily extending, until it has become essential to the success of many departments of business. It has over 150,000 miles of wire stretching along every railway and reaching every important place. Its annual receipts are nearly $10,000,000, a larger amount than the Post-office Department received ten years ago. A corporation wielding such immense power is not a private company, but one in which every citizen has a direct and personal interest.

The average rate of messages has been reduced in six years from $1.10 to 61 cents and the business has been doubled. This great reduction in rates has been followed by a slight increase in the net income of the company. The average rate is still much higher than in any other country, and so high as to prevent the use of the telegraph by any except the rich and those compelled to use it. The report says that heretofore the competition from rival lines has been the most potent cause in operation for compelling the company to reduce its rates; but that it is now relieved from all fear from this service, as it has recently purchased nearly all the opposition lines, and at the present rates "it is impossible for any competing company to realize profits, and all are believed to be operating at a loss, and the time is not distant, therefore, when the company will be without a substantial competitor."

From this frank and public statement it appears that a change will now be made in its policy, and that the public cannot expect further reductions in rates.

Abroad the telegraph is connected with the postoffice, and the people use it freely as they do the mails. We do not believe, however, that our Government should interfere in private matters, nor that the power of the Executive should be enlarged; but the duty of transmitting correspondence was devolved upon Congress by the founders of our Republic, and, as it has wisely undertaken this business, and performed it to the satisfaction of the people, there is every reason why it should now adopt this, the latest, improvement for its rapid transmission. It is often said that corporations can perform any business cheaper than the Government. Admitting the general truth of this proposition, it yet does not apply to the telegraph, for the agencies now employed by the Postoffice Department for receiving and delivering letters would be used for the telegraphic letter. The present clerks could perform all the office business, thus greatly reducing the expenses, if the Postmaster General was authorized to contract for the transmission of telegrams, as he now contracts for the transmission of the mails, at rates fixed by Congress.

A bill for the purpose of connecting the telegraph with the Postoffice Department authorizing the Postmaster-General to contract for the transmission of telegrams, was reported by committees of the Senate and House of Representatives at the last Congress. This proposition, we presume, will come up for action the ensuing winter and we trust will become a law. The rates fixed by the bill are nearly 50 per cent. below present charges, while the length of the telegram is 80 per cent. greater. Night telegrams will be transmitted at a still greater reduction.

The charge of a telegraphic letter of 25 words sent by night 1,500 miles or less will be only 25 cents. Such low rates will make the telegraph a public blessing, bring it within the reach of all, and enable the press to establish new and independent news associations. We shall refer again to this subject.—*The Independent.*

A Home of One's Own.

Human existence implies the necessity of food, raiment, and shelter. A habitation is scarcely less important to life than the question, "what shall we eat, and wherewithal shall ye be clothed?" Happiness in civilized countries largely depends upon the comforts and conveniences with which a home may be invested.

Every man in this country, says "The Home Guide, especially if we have a family, should possess a home of his own; and generally this may be secured in a few years by industry, frugality and prudence. In large towns and cities, the money expended for rent by persons engaged in ordinary avocations will, in a few years, purchase a modest home. To be dependent upon landlords year after year for a habitation is often inconvenient and unpleasant, besides being very poor economy. There are many vexations and annoyances which few renters escape, attending their experiences as tenants of other people's houses and tenements, while the burden of taxation for municipal purposes fall mainly upon the tenant; as landlords charge the taxation imposed for public improvements on them to the rent-roll, and it therefore comes out of the pockets of the tenants.

In a house of his own, one feels not only that he is less dependent than when occupying a tenement belonging to another, but there is an incentive to improve and beautify a home; to make it attractive, and thus add to its value—a motive not often present when a man lives in a rented tenement.

From every point of view it is advisable for a man of family, when he has found a permanent place of residence, to determine to provide a home for those dependent upon him. Whether in a town or the country, this is advisable, and the reasons for it are so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to refer to them.

Loss of a Ship and Crew.

A telegram was received from Port Townsend, W. T., announcing the total loss of the ship Panther, Captain J. W. Balch, with all on board. The Panther, destined for San Francisco, sailed from Nanaimo, W. T., in tow of the steamtug Goliah. When within fifty miles of her starting point she encountered a terrible gale which forced her upon the rocks off Tilly Point, in Georgia Bay. The Goliah was unable to render any assistance. Subsequently she repaired to Port Townsend and dispatched the sad news. At the time of the fatal occurrence there were twenty-three persons on board the Panther, including the captain and his wife. The Panther's cargo consisted of 1,700 tons of coal.

ANGRY CAMEL.—The camel is generally supposed to be a meek and harmless animal; but recently one of the camels in the menagerie of the Central Park violently attacked Mr. Conklin, superintendent of the Animal Department, and would probably have killed him but for the intervention of the keeper. Mr. Conklin was engaged in feeding the camels, when one of them without any warning, seized him with its teeth, lifted him up, and then dashed him on the ground and trampled on him. This unprovoked attack is thought to be a case of jealousy, the offending animal having recently manifested intense dissatisfaction in consequence of Mr. Conklin's kind treatment of its mate when the latter was in a sick condition.

XLIIId CONGRESS.

SENATE.

Petitions were presented by Senators Boutwell, Sherman, Fenton, Ramsey, Wright, Chandler, Anthony, and others from women in various parts of the country asking for legislation conferring upon them the right to vote.

Mr. Merrimon, of N. C., said our country enjoyed the confidence of its people more than any country on the face of the earth, yet our currency had been less valued than gold by 20 per cent. He argued that it was impossible to make a paper currency equal to gold. It was idle and criminal for Congress to undertake to bring greenbacks up to the standard of gold. We must put ourselves on a level with the commercial nations of the earth, and to do this we must have a gold and silver currency. Until we establish a medium of exchange based upon gold and silver, we can never have the advantage of commerce. He advocated an immediate resumption of specie payment.

The Senate unanimously confirmed the nomination of Mr. Waite to be Chief-Justice.

A substitute was reported by the Finance Committee for Mr. Howe's Liquor Traffic bill.

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Mr. Sargent, of California, presented a long petition of Susan B. Anhony, relating the circumstances of her registering and voting in Rochester, N. Y., and subsequent indictment and trial for illegal voting before Judge Hunt of the United States Supremp Court, stating that her trial was not a fair one, and her conviction in violation of the statute, and asking that the fine imposed upon her be remitted.

Mr. Morton, of Ind., submitted the following resolution, which was laid on the table and ordered to be printed:

Resolved, That the Committee on Transportation Routes to the Seaboard be instructed to consider and report a bill creating a commission of five eminent and skilled persons to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, who shall examine and report to Congress what legislation is necessary and practicable in regard to inter-State railroads to promote the following objects, viz.: The speedy transportation at reasonable rates of freight and passengers; the safety and comfort of passengers by providing for the inspection of bridges, tracks, locomotives, and cars; and the reform of any abuses that may exist in consequence of extortion, or unjust discrimination in the transportation of freight and passengers, and, in general, what regulations are necessary to promote the efficiency of railroads, the interests of commerce, and the convenience and safety of the traveling public.

Mr. Negley, of Pa., presented resolutions granting pensions to soldiers of the Mexican war and their widows. The bill provides that a pension of $8 per month shall be given to each honorably discharged surviving officer and enlisted man, including militia, volunteers of the military and naval service who served sixty days in the war with Mexico, and also to the surviving unmarried widows of such officers and soldiers.

Mr. Poland, of Vt., moved to suspend the rules and adopt a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the legal relations existing between the Federal Government and the local Government of the District of Columbia and the exact character of their mutual obligations in regard to municipal expenses, and whether some accurately defined basis of expenditures cannot be prescribed and maintained by law.

The rule was suspended and the resolution adopted—yeas 159, nays 72.

Mr. Cameron, of Penn., from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported back the bill to pay the French Spoliation claims. Placed on the calendar.

Mr. Howard, of Del., in discussing the National bank bill moved to strike out the first ten lines of the bill which authorized the organization of banks without circulation upon depositing with the Treasurer of the United States $10,000 in registered bonds. The bill will only authorize National banks already organized without circulation to withdraw their bonds in excess of $10,000, and also as security for their circulating notes in amounts of $10,000 upon restoring to the Treasury an equal amount of lawful money to be deposited in the Treasury of the United States for the redemption of an amount of circulating notes of such banks equal to the amount issued upon such bonds.

HOUSE.

A bill was reported from the Select Committee on the Centennial Exposition requesting the President to invite foreign Governments to be present and take part in the Exposition. After a long debate the bill was passed, only four members voting against it.

Mr. Cox, of N. Y., presented a memorial of E. S. Jaffray & Co., Lawson Bros., and thirty-five other importers of New York city, representing six hundred millions of invested mercantile capital, praying for a repeal of the high rates of duty in real and hand made lace, to prevent smuggling and to increase the revenue.

The House passed the bill to pay official reporters, and set apart two days to debate the bill permanently increasing currency to $400,000,000.

Mr. O'Neill, of Pa., presented a petition of citizens of Pennsylvania, praying for the enactment of laws directing the redemption or conversion of legal tender notes outstanding since 1662 by issuing therefor at the option of the holder, bonds of $1,000 and its multiples, said bonds to be payable on demand in said legal tender notes, the bonds to bear interest at some fixed rate, say 3,65-100 per annum, and also that the national banks may count said bonds in the reserve.

Mr. Morrill, of Vt., introduced a resolution instructing the Committee on the Contingent Expenses of the Senate to consider the expediency of excluding from the stationery room of the Senate all articles except paper, pens, envelopes, ink, pencils, and mucilage, which was, after a lengthy discussion passed.

The West Virginia election cases were taken up, and, on a vote being taken, Messrs. Davis and Hagans were declared entitled to seats, and were sworn in.

Mr. Dawes, of Mass., from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill allowing merchandise in a United States port on July 31, 1872, to pay the duties to which they were liable on that day, even though not in public store or bonded warehouse the next day. After explanation the bill was passed.

Difficulties of Watermelon Culture.

"Can the watermelon be successfully cultivated on sandy soil, in a rural town of 4,000 inhabitants, and an institute located near by containing 120 students studying for the ministry?" This question excited considerable comment and loud discussion among the agriculturists present at a meeting of "The Hayseeds" in Cleveland, and nearly an hour and a half was spent in discussing the same. An old green grocer who had raised early and late vegetables for the market twenty years of his early life, said he could raise melons on top of a barn, or on a billiard table even, let him pick the locality and his neighbors. It was not so much the soil, nor season, that the melon depended upon for its perfection, as it was the peculiarities of the inhabitants of the country round about. Where there was an excess of colored citizens, it was almost as impossible to raise a paying crop of melons as it was to keep spring chickens unless they roosted at night in a Herring's safe. Then again, colleges have a bad effect upon the melon crop, and even a minister's family of seven boys has been known to blight a large patch in a single night. In sections of country where these drawbacks exist, the speaker had learned that the only method to insure a full crop of melons was to station a man by each melon from the time it was the size of a hen's egg until it ripened. This was expensive, but the result was always gratifying. As the fruit grew in size and approached ripeness, the speaker had found it necessary to station two guards over each melon, and even then, in communities where a too great fondness for these luscious products existed, he had known of the inside of a watermelon being stolen and devoured when two men with clubs were seated on a shell or rind, engaged in friendly converse.—*Danbury News.*

ITS RESULT.—If alcohol is taken habitually during a long time in considerable quantities, it is apt to produce an excessive deposit of fat, and fatty degeneration of the heart or of other vital organs, rendering a person less vigorous in throwing off disease. The inference is, obviously, that the habitual use of alcoholic drinks should be a matter of great cantion with every one; and that liquors containing large alcoholic proportions, such as brandy, whisky, and port and sherry, should be avoided by all persons.

The Condensed Milk Man.

Gail Borden, the "Condensed Milk Man," died in Colorado County, Texas, on Sunday, January 11, in the seventy-third year of his age. Mr. Borden first came to New York from Galveston, Texas. In 1850 he invented what is called meat biscuits, containing, in the smallest possible space, all the nutritive properties of the beef or other meat used in its manufacture. After thorough tests, both in this country and Europe, the highest authorities pronounced the meat biscuit an excellent article, retaining unimpaired the nutritive properties of its constituents. A council medal was awarded at the great exhibition in London in 1851. The report on the subject says: "A more simple, economical and efficient form of portable concentrated food than the American meat biscuit has never been brought before the public. Mr. Borden toiled incessantly, and often under great discouragements, in producing this article, but he still saw a defect in it, which was the agency used in desiccation. After further experiments for several years, he perfected a process by which pure broth is reduced to a solid form. He next turned his attention to making condensed milk. Preparations of milk were known in Europe and in this country, but they were too costly to admit of general use, and, moreover, foreign substances were introduced which were less nutritive than new milk. Mr. Borden was the man to overcome all obstacles in this matter, and he set to work with great zeal and confidence. His experiments were long and expensive, but he at length succeeded. The first factory which he established was at Litchfield, Conn., and the demand for the milk still increased. In 1860 more extensive works were erected in Dutchess county, New York, on the line of the Harlem Railroad, where three vacuum pans were employed, capable of working 5,000 gallons per day. Another factory was established at Brewster's, Southeast, Putnam county, another at Livermore Falls, Me., and another at Elgin, Kane county, Ill., the two latter having each a capacity of 2,000 gallons per day. At the latter place there is also a factory for the manufacture of the extract of beef.

The Cholera Epidemic in Europe.

The London *Medical Record* says that during the past year there were 433,295 cases of cholera in Hungary, and that of this number 247,718 persons recovered, 182,549 are dead, and 2,978 remain under treatment. Croatia and Slivonia, the ancient military boundaries, are not included in these lists, nor are the victims whom cholera carried off when it broke out at the end of 1872 in Buda and Upper Hungary. The population of the countries of the crown of St. Stephen amount to 16,000,000, and since it is estimated that altogether they have lost this year 200,000 souls by cholera, it follows that 1 in 30 of the inhabitants has fallen beneath this terrible scourge.

SAN FRANCISCO.—In the year just closed the population of San Francisco advanced from 180,000 to 200,000. The exports from San Francisco, seaward, exclusive of specie, increased $7,000,000 over 1872, aggregating about $30,000,000. Exports by rail for the first eleven months of the year, 82,578,037 pounds of merchandise, as against 65,284,901 pounds last year, their value being estimated at $25,000,000. San Francisco has doubled her trade with Great Britain, the exports there aggregating $20,000,000 in value, as against $10,000,000 last year.

American Women.

It is a melancholy fact, that American women have degenerated in point of health and physique, until they have become literally a race of invalids. How sad it is to look around us and compare the frail and effeminate looking lady of to-day with the hale, hearty and buxom ladies of days gone by. To all such the late discovery of DR. WALKER, of California, which is known as VINEGAR BITTERS, is a priceless boon indeed. For this class of diseases it is certain and safe, and any lady, old or young, can take it with entire confidence in the result, and thus avoid what to thousands is a stumbling block never overcome, viz.,—a consultation with a family physician. 'Tis true there may be cases of years' standing, that will necessitate more powerful treatment, but in nine cases out of ten this remedy will reach the disease, and after a little time effect a cure. The number of ladies cured by it are numbered by thousands, and are scattered through every State in the Union.—*Com.*

Let the People Speak.

MANHATTAN, KAN., April 8, 1873.

R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Your Favorite Prescription has done my wife a world of good. She has taken nearly two bottles and has felt better the past two weeks than at any time in the past two years. No more periodical pains; none of that aching back or dragging sensation in her stomach she had been accustomed to for several years. I have so much confidence in it that I would be perfectly willing to warrant to certain customers of ours who would be glad to get hold of relief at any expense. I have tried many Patent Medicines, but never had any occasion to extol one before.

Very truly yours,
GEO. B. WHITING.

MRS. E. R. DALY, Metropolis, Ill., writes Jan 9th, 1873:

"Dr. R. V. Pierce—My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit."

MARY ANN FRISBIE, Lehman, Penn., writes May 29, 1872:

"Dr. R. V. Pierce—What I have taken of your medicine has been of more benefit to me than all others and hundreds of doctors' bills."—[Com.

It is now generally admitted by honest physicians, that when once the consumption is fairly fastened upon the lungs, no human power can save the patient from death. They also say that about fifty per cent. of those who die from this disease owe it to the cause to a neglected cough or cold, which might have been cured by a small bottle of Liquid Opodeldoc, or what is the same thing, *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*—[Com.

PAIN-KILLER.—There is probably no other preparations manufactured that has become so much of a household word as the Pain-Killer. For over thirty years it has stood before the public, and the innumerable testimonials that have been called forth voluntarily, testify fully to its merits. When you need a family medicine buy the Pain-Killer.—[Com.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR will arrest every ailment affecting the lungs, throat or chest.—[Com.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.—[Com.

Cut this notice out and bring it with you. We are authorized to refund the cash to any person or persons who shall buy and use *Parsons' Purgative Pills* and fail of relief and satisfaction.—[Com.

THE BROWNS AND BLACKS produced by that sterling preparation, CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE, cannot be excelled by Nature; its tints challenge comparison with Nature's most favored productions, and defy detection.—*Com.*

LIKE LIGHTNING are the miraculous Cures effected with Flagg's Instant Relief Aches, Pains, Sprains, Bowel Complaints, etc. *cannot exist* if this great medicine is used. Relief warranted, or money refunded.—*om.*

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP IS THE PRESCRIPTION OF one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the Best and Surest Remedy in the World in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from Teething or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

A COUGH, COLD, SORE THROAT Requires immediate attention, and should be Checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Affection, or an Incurable Lung Disease, is often the result.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Having a direct influence on the parts, give immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases, Troches *are used with great success.*

SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS

Will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before Singing